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THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

THE recent utterances of the German semi-official press caused much uneasiness at Paris, and this uneasiness was brought to a very feverish point by an article which appeared in the *Times* last week, and in which it was intimated that there really was some danger of a new war breaking out. The contempt felt by the French for their own journals is so profound, and in many respects so well merited, that as to much which concerns even their own Government they wait to know what is really going on until information sent from Paris has been printed in London and sent back to Paris. As to foreign affairs the French have no means of learning anything from their own press, and they find it necessary either to ignore foreign affairs altogether, or to talk as if the idle rumours and suggestions of their own press were not, as they know is the case, invented at Paris, or else to see what the English papers say. A disquieting article in the *Times*, therefore, puts the Bourse in a flutter, and it so happened that, at the very moment when the disquieting article of last week reached Paris, the Bourse was in a very sensitive state, and a great crash was the result. The origin of the mischief was a purely local one, and consisted in the endeavour of one celebrated speculator to keep the shares of a Company at a high price, and in the endeavour of his adversaries to force him to buy more and more shares at a high price until he could buy no longer. He had arrived at the end of his purchasing powers just as the notion of an impending war, suggested by the *Times*, arose to trouble the market, and thus had the honour of collapsing in the moment of a public, and not of a merely private, crisis. The agitation of the French Stock Exchange did not, therefore, supply an accurate measure of the real amount of political uneasiness felt at Paris. But there can be no doubt that there was much uneasiness, and it was natural that this uneasiness should be felt. There was good ground for it. The menacing language of the German press was not due to a mere escapade. It probably represented the views of persons who have great influence with the Court of Berlin. That Prince BISMARCK shares these views to the full extent is improbable, as he has consistently tried since the end of the war with France to uphold the peace of Europe; but the military party in Germany is disposed to look on another war with France as inevitable, and is always discussing when it would best suit Germany that the war should begin. Prince BISMARCK has himself said that, if France is bent on another war, he shall take care that it comes while Germany has the advantage of preparation. What is hard on France is that, when France gives no signs of wanting a war, when, as the official German organs are now instructed to say, the Cabinets of Berlin and Versailles are on perfectly satisfactory terms, the German press should be allowed to state that France is bent on a speedy renewal of the war, and is preparing for it. The French naturally feel distrust when not only war is suddenly spoken of by German journals as a near possibility, but when they themselves are misrepresented in order that war may seem possible.

So long as we look only at the official relations between France and Germany, the recent rumours of war seem totally baseless. The French are said to be arming; they are not arming. They are said to be bent on war; they are not bent on war. What really seems to have caused

the commotion in Berlin was not any belief that the French were getting ready for another struggle, but something quite different. It was the apprehension that that alliance between Austria, Italy, and France which the Emperor NAPOLEON had arranged, and which only broke down because the EMPEROR made war too quickly, and with too little success, may be renewed. This is the real German scare, and this scare began from the time when the Emperor of AUSTRIA and the King of ITALY met at Venice. What happened at that interview with regard to ecclesiastical questions no one knows, except a very few persons, of whom Prince BISMARCK is probably one. But Ultramontane agitators treated the meeting as a grand occasion for getting their views put forcibly before persons who were not altogether unwilling to listen to them; and although official assurances were immediately issued that ecclesiastical subjects had not been mooted at all by the sovereigns at their meeting, the Germans were given to understand that something had really taken place at Venice which was not quite to Prince BISMARCK's taste. The subsequent conduct of Austria and Italy has been so reassuring that it is now said that the German mind may be quite easy. The Austrian Reichsrath and the Italian Parliament are so constantly doing something which their clerical adversaries pronounce to be abominable, that it is impossible for the most credulous Germans to believe that they are much subject to Ultramontane influences. If, again, there is any statesman who may be trusted not to allow himself to become the tool of intriguing priests, it is Duke DECAZES. But although it is impossible to pretend that, under present circumstances, the adversaries of Prince BISMARCK have any chance of forming a Catholic league against him, yet that an alliance on the basis of common ecclesiastical aims may be formed between at least France and Austria is the acknowledged and favourite dream of Ultramontanes. The Prussian Government is now carrying much the strongest measure it has as yet proposed in the development of its ecclesiastical policy. It proposes to sweep away all the institutions of all religious orders, with the avowed object of rescuing education from the influence of monks and nuns. This is a very vigorous step, and the more vigour Prince BISMARCK shows, the more bitterness he provokes. He has force on his side, and his adversaries are burning to get the balance of force on their side; and there can be no doubt that the real question between the contending parties is whether the German Empire is to continue to exist or not. The Governments of France, Austria, and Italy not only do not favour the enemies of the German Empire, but are ready to go great lengths to show that they do not. But the enemies of the German Empire are always hinting that a grand change is soon to begin, that they are succeeding wonderfully, and that the downfall of the detested Prussia is virtually an accomplished fact. The counterstroke of the German Government is immediately to set rumours afloat about the mobilization of the German army. Thus an irritation is kept up, and an amount of apprehension and anxiety is excited, which the real facts are very far from justifying. The Ultramontanes suggest that they have secretly secured the assistance of some powerful friends. The German Government replies that they have got no friends, and that, if they had any, it would crush these friends before they knew what they were about. It is not wonderful that in such a state of things big talk should beget fear, and fear panics, and

panics. Stock Exchange catastrophes, while all the time peace has never been seriously endangered.

Almost anything a little out of the common way will suffice to reassure people who begin to see that they have been alarmed without any very obvious cause. On the present occasion a tacit understanding has been come to that the visit of the CZAR to Berlin shall be taken as enough to make every one happy. A little ingenuity would have sufficed to discover new causes for disquietude in the meeting of the EMPERORS, for it might have been suggested that directly Germany had made sure of the neutrality of Russia, it would feel itself free to fall on France. But the French think that the visit of the CZAR will do for the termination of their panic because the CZAR is a friend of France and a good man who would not take the trouble to go to Berlin and be seen kissing the Emperor WILLIAM on every possible occasion unless he had satisfied himself that his aged relative was not harbouring any improper designs against the security of an innocent and unoffending nation like France. The Germans, on the other hand, resolve to see, in this new manifestation of the affectionate ties which bind the two EMPERORS, a barrier to those ambitious hopes of which they cannot affect to think lightly. The visit of the CZAR was, it is said, not originally intended to have any political signification whatever. It must have seemed to him curious that he should arrive by accident in the quality of the terminator of a panic. As he happened to be coming, the German Government made the best use it could of his visit by taking occasion of its occurrence to reaffirm the policy on which PRINCE BISMARCK has consistently relied since the close of the French war as the real guarantee of European peace. The tranquillity of Europe is, to his mind, safe from peril so long as Russia, Germany, and Austria act together, and are determined that there shall be no war. The German papers are now instructed to let it be known that Russia and Germany are working heartily together, and that Austria is working with them, so that peace may be assured. It is perfectly idle to speak of disarmament as the key to European peace. There is no more chance of the great Continental Powers disarming than there is of England getting an efficient army. They cannot, and will not, disarm, and so long as the struggle between the Church and the State lasts on the Continent in its present form and intensity, there must be a possibility of war breaking out, although there may be, as there is now, very little probability of its doing so in any short space of time. If ever the existence of the German Empire is so firmly assured that its enemies do not think it worth while even to dream how it may be cut short, then, and not before then, the present phase of European trouble will pass away. Those who live to see that day will, however, in all likelihood have anxieties of their own, and will be as familiar with panics, and Bourse catastrophes, and reassuring meetings of sovereigns, as the generation that preceded them.

FROM EASTER TO WHITSUNTIDE.

THE general result of what has taken place in Parliament during the few weeks that have elapsed since Easter is favourable to the Government. Much time has been spent over the discussion of the Peace Preservation Bill which the Ministry had hoped would have been devoted to the consideration of other measures. Questions, too, which arose almost by accident have awakened far more interest than the proper business of the Session; and Mr. DISRAELI was far from happy in his management of the House when considering the curious points of privilege which excited and interested men of all parties. Still the Government has pushed some of its own measures forward. It so conducted the debates on the Peace Preservation Bill that even Irish members, subject to the general reservation that they must not be taken to be ever satisfied with anything, acknowledged that they had been well treated. The Budget was only open to serious criticism on one point; and although the discussion of this one point provoked a lively debate, yet the Government could not be much damaged when all that they were blamed for was for a failure in that adroitness in hoodwinking the taxpayers which cleverer people would have shown if they had been in office. The little Bills which the Ministry have invented glide gently along their ap-

pointed course, and will probably appear before long in the Statute-book, not so much in the shape of what are ordinarily known as laws, as in that of excellent pieces of authoritative advice. The two main conceptions which animate the Ministry, and on which they fondly rely to guide them through all difficulties, are that British subjects must be advised, not coerced, and that everything that requires the trouble of a decision may be decided by County Court Judges. It is wonderful how very simple legislation becomes when boldly dealt with in this way. Up to the extremest point possible people are to cut their own knots for themselves, subject to wise advice as to how to cut them; and then, if the knots really cannot be cut in this way, there is always at hand, as a cheap and practicable ALEXANDER, the County Court Judge, whose knowledge and leisure are universally recognized as being equally boundless. Lord CAIRNS got out of the embarrassment in which the Judicature Bill had placed him by postponing it to another year; and the legal measures of the Ministry have called forth so little comment in the Lords that Lord SELBÖRNE has found time to bring forward once more his visionary project for a School of Law. Perhaps the most satisfactory feature of recent Parliamentary history is the reappearance of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT in their proper position. Lord HARTINGTON has fulfilled all the expectations of his leadership which could reasonably be entertained. He has stuck to his post, he has avoided every appearance of factiousness, he has listened to the recommendations of practised advisers, and he has made a considerable number of commendable speeches which were open to no other objection than that they failed to command any attention. But he does not affect to be supreme where greater lights are willing to shine. Mr. BRIGHT spoke as no one else could have spoken in the KENEALY debate, for no one but Mr. BRIGHT could address the supporters of Dr. KENEALY in the character of a sincere and familiar friend pointing out the absurdities by which they had been deluded. On the Burials Bill he made a speech which, if not altogether relevant in point of logic, showed how a great orator, prompted by strong personal feeling, can touch the hearts of men of all parties. Mr. GLADSTONE has appeared on the scene with all his wonted ardour in defence of the Terminable Annuities which he loves so well; and a debate on the closing of Irish public-houses afforded him an opportunity of correcting a misconception as to his celebrated dictum that Ireland should be governed according to Irish ideas. He explained that what he really said was that Irish ideas ought to prevail, but only so long as they did not trench on the field of Imperial interests and duties. The explanation comes rather late, but in such a matter late is certainly better than never.

The House of Commons has, however, had other things to think of much more entertaining than the measures of the Government. It has disposed of the great KENEALY question, and it has busied itself about its own privileges. The preliminary discussion as to petitions, which preceded Dr. KENEALY's grand day of battle, was eminently useful. It was not quite clear what petitioners might say and what they might not say, and it was very desirable to have it recorded that they may attack any one except the QUEEN and members of the two Houses of Parliament. Some doubt had apparently existed whether they could be permitted to make charges against Judges, but every one will now know that petitioners may state anything against Judges that they think fit to state. Some members, too, had felt a reluctance to present petitions containing what they believed to be wholly unfounded accusations against high public officials of indisputable integrity and honour. But it will henceforth be recognized that the presentation of a petition is a purely ministerial act; so that, for example, if Mr. WHALLEY were asked by a constituent to present a petition for handing over all School Boards to the Jesuits, he would be bound to present it, and yet would be totally free from the imputation that he coincided with its prayer. The KENEALY debate was a memorable example of what the House of Commons can do when seen at its best. It can call to its bar the disseminators of erroneous views, the utterers of calumnies, the fosterers of delusions, hear patiently what they have to say, decide and record its decision in a way so conclusive and so indisputable that the matter is ended at once and for ever. In a single evening Dr. KENEALY was heard, refuted, and disposed of. He was refuted principally by himself, for when he had to state

what he really meant, he found that he had nothing to say. No serious charge on which he was prepared to insist, no grievance that he could even suggest, called for a serious remedy. A little abuse, a few wandering remarks, some side attacks on people who had nothing really to do with the trial of ORTON, and his case was over. His big bubble had been pricked, and collapsed visibly in the sight of all men. As was remarked, with much good sense, in the next number of the *Englishman*, the poor convict must now languish out his time at Dartmoor, and Dr. KENEALY must attend exclusively to Magna Charta. Mr. DISRAELI was at his best in dealing with this KENEALY question. He was studiously courteous to a man who had just completely failed, and was only mildly derisive when he expressed confidence in the army even though Dr. KENEALY was disappointed. Most of his speech was devoted to praising Judges and complimenting ladies; and he did not stretch the triumph of the House of Commons as a supreme arbiter in the matter by dwelling upon it too pointedly. What at one time threatened to be a great nuisance was got rid of as quietly and effectually as possible.

That Mr. DISRAELI was equally happy when the question of privilege subsequently arose, no one can venture to say; but what HOMER does not sometimes nod? The difficulty caused by the publication of a letter addressed to the Foreign Loans Committee might have been easily overcome if it had at once occurred to Mr. DISRAELI to invite the House to authorize a statement by the Committee of the circumstances under which that letter had been made public. Unfortunately, as he frankly owned, he did not think of this until a whole evening had been wasted, and the unmeaning process of calling unoffending prisoners to the bar had been sanctioned. This was a blunder; and so it was a blunder when, the general subject of reporting being raised, Mr. DISRAELI first said that he would do nothing to change the rules of the House, and left the matter to Lord HARTINGTON, then decided to take part of Lord HARTINGTON's work out of his hands, and then owned that the whole subject must be taken into consideration. But it is to some degree true that there has been a gain in the Government not having at once seen what it ought to do. The House has been educated by experience. Members who imagined that they could, at a comparatively early period of the Session, talk a Bill out which the majority was determined to carry, have ascertained their mistake. Theory whispers that talk must win; but theory in the person of Mr. BIGGAR with his Blue-books and BLACKSTONE broke down. That fair reports should be protected, and that strangers shall be excluded only when a really good reason can be given, are propositions that are universally admitted. But the notion that the press is an oppressed institution, of which Mr. SULLIVAN and Mr. COWEN are the professional avengers, has been dispelled, and members who recklessly use the power of turning strangers out have found that their conduct awakens an amount of irritation, even among members of their own clique, which is more than they can endure. Mr. DISRAELI did not avoid the appearance of some weakness and much hesitation, but he altogether avoided the appearance of domineering, and of a carelessness for those interests of the House which may be out of view at the present moment, but which history suggests should not be neglected. Even if he seemed to be more vehement and dictatorial than usual when he proclaimed that the House should sit on and on until every Government measure had been passed, it was so evident that he was only actuated by a temporary wish to be applauded for firmness that no bad impression was produced. All that can be said is that, in the management of the House when nice and delicate questions might arise, it was confidently supposed that he would show himself especially strong; and that in this, one of his strong points, he has not been quite so strong as was anticipated.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE BUDGET.

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had every reason to be satisfied with the discussion on his Budget. Three principal members of the official Opposition found every possible fault with his plans; but nearly every independent member who spoke on either side of the House repudiated their captious objections. It was no small triumph for Sir S. NORTHGOTE to conduct with success a direct encounter with Mr. GLADSTONE. The subsequent speeches of Mr.

LOWE and Mr. CHILDERS did nothing to retrieve the fortunes of the party. In an elaborate speech, said to have been delivered in his best manner, Mr. GLADSTONE committed the characteristic error of making a fuss about nothing. Nothing could be more legitimate in its way than his comment on Mr. DISRAELI's hasty promise to abolish the Income-tax; but it was not worth the while of a great financier to rest his case on a rhetorical flourish of an amateur adversary. Mr. DISRAELI has never seriously pretended to a knowledge of finance; and at the general election he was unluckily tempted for a moment to bid against a rival who had offered the constituencies an enormous bribe. Mr. GLADSTONE's sacrifice of fiscal expediency to party considerations was far more blameable than Mr. DISRAELI's inconsiderate promise. The oversight which had been committed at Aylesbury was partially corrected by the appointment of the most competent member of the party to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Mr. DISRAELI's imprudence might have been fully condoned if there were not some reason to suppose that he was responsible for the only objectionable part of the Budget of 1874. Sir S. NORTHGOTE's position would be unassailable if he had not remitted a penny in the pound of Income-tax when there was a risk of a deficit. Mr. CHILDERS's arguments would have lost all their force if the current year had commenced with an estimated surplus of two millions. Having once deferred to his political chief, Sir S. NORTHGOTE wisely intimates his intention of not tampering any further with the most unobjectionable source of national revenue. Mr. GLADSTONE is perfectly consistent with his own professions, if not with his practice, in maintaining the opinion that the Income-tax ought to be abolished as soon as it can be spared. No other Minister has been more ready to continue the tax, and to increase its rate for the purpose of facilitating various reductions of taxation; but for more than twenty years Mr. GLADSTONE has pointed to ultimate abolition, though his authority has not been reinforced by any convincing argument. It is wholly immaterial to inquire with Mr. GLADSTONE into the promises which Conservative members of the party may have given to anti-Income-tax Associations. The present majority has the good sense to entrust the conduct of public affairs to its leaders; and, as long as Sir S. NORTHGOTE is resolved to maintain the Income-tax, the supporters of the Government will vote for his proposals.

It is perhaps natural that Mr. GLADSTONE should attach great importance to the manner of stating the public accounts; but when Chancellors of the Exchequer and Secretaries of the Treasury engage with their predecessors in discussions on the details of balance-sheets, the House of Commons excusably ceases to listen. Except by an indirect process, no man and no nation was ever made richer or poorer by book-keeping. It is right that the public accounts should be kept in the newest and most scientific way, but receipts are not made larger or expenses smaller by adjustment and classification. Mr. GLADSTONE solemnly declares that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has three paramount duties. "The first is to reduce the expenditure of the country; the second is to keep the income of the country above the charges; and the third is to present nothing to the country and the House of Commons except figures that will bear careful and searching examination." Mr. LOWE's definition of a Chancellor of the Exchequer as an animal which produces a surplus was simpler and more accurate. It is absurd to say that it is at all times the duty of a Finance Minister to reduce public expenditure, for the expenditure may possibly be too low, or it may be exactly the amount which is necessary or expedient; and it is the duty of the Cabinet and of the great administrative departments rather than of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to determine the wants of the public service. The second of Mr. GLADSTONE's enumerated duties corresponds with Mr. LOWE's proposition. As to the statement of the accounts, the duty is of secondary importance. Fortunately for himself, Sir S. NORTHGOTE understands the details of balances and the mysteries of double-entry almost as well as Mr. GLADSTONE himself; and Mr. W. H. SMITH corrected an inaccurate criticism when he reminded Mr. CHILDERS that interest on Treasury loans is properly placed to the credit of revenue. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had, as he confessed, been unnecessarily candid in stating that he had allowed certain payments into the Exchequer to be delayed that they might be included in the receipts of the current year. He ought to have foreseen that a laxity extending over two or

three days would provoke Mr. GLADSTONE's indignant reprobation. Trifles of this kind are perhaps worthy of notice, but not of an elaborate attack from a great orator and financier. Something would have been gained by persuading the House that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was not master of his business; but as it happened that Sir S. NORTHCOTE was provided with an answer to every detailed criticism, Mr. GLADSTONE would have acted more prudently in devolving his task on some less responsible subordinate.

Mr. GLADSTONE's attack on the scheme for providing a Sinking Fund seems to have impressed Sir S. NORTHCOTE with unnecessary astonishment. It would have been more surprising if a deviation from any method formerly adopted by Mr. GLADSTONE had not been summarily condemned. For some years the late PRIME MINISTER had been constantly in the habit of dilating on the urgent necessity of reducing the National Debt. At one time he was profoundly convinced by the arguments of an ingenious writer that the Debt ought to be paid off before the coal-fields are exhausted. On other occasions Mr. GLADSTONE seemed to have persuaded himself that it was a moral duty to discharge an obligation to a creditor who had neither the right nor the desire to exact payment of the principal. The conversion of a certain portion of the Debt into Terminable Annuities provided for the payment of corresponding amounts; and under the operation of the general law, surpluses arising in prosperous years were more directly applied to the same purpose. Last year, when it was known that the surplus would be large beyond all former precedent, Mr. GLADSTONE thought it more expedient to buy a majority than to reduce the Debt. Sir S. NORTHCOTE, when he succeeded to office, adopted the later and less heroic policy of his predecessor, and distributed the whole amount of the surplus among the payers of rates and taxes. He now proposes to dedicate all future surpluses up to a certain amount to the payment of debt, not by any complicated machinery of Annuities, but by direct purchase of Consols. It is a fair criticism on the plan that it is entirely prospective, inasmuch as there is no estimated surplus in the present year; but if debt is to be paid, Sir S. NORTHCOTE's plan is preferable to Mr. GLADSTONE's. It is indeed not improbable that future Parliaments may decline to raise taxes for the payment of debt; but it is also possible that, in appropriating the surplus for the relief of taxation, they may be perfectly in the right. It is not a sound argument for the complicated system of Terminable Annuities that it fetters the discretion of the House of Commons. It is, as some speakers remarked, not impossible that, since taxation is now comparatively light, the country and the House of Commons may at last be willing to provide a Sinking Fund. The popular opinion of the day is sufficiently plausible to have a fair chance of lasting for a limited period.

The burden of the Debt as compared with the wealth of the country has probably been reduced by two-thirds within the last sixty years; and with continuing prosperity it will become relatively lighter and lighter. The slow but inevitable depreciation of the value of gold tells wholly in favour of the debtor. A minutely accurate calculation would perhaps prove that a certain loss was involved in the discharge of any portion of the Debt. The direct gain is no greater than that which is produced by investing money at 3½ per cent. The announcement of Sir S. NORTHCOTE's scheme has raised the price of the Funds, and if the result proves to be permanent, the reasons for paying off the Debt are, to the extent of the rise, already weakened; but on the other hand it may be urged that the balance of expediency is redressed by a proof that the credit of the country would have been raised if it became necessary to raise further loans. The reduction of the Debt would enable Finance Ministers to dispose more freely of their resources; and the possession of a large surplus revenue, which was voluntarily appropriated to a purpose of little urgency, might be convenient in the contingency of an unexpected demand. The proposal of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER seems to be approved by all advocates of the payment of debt, except those who are officially bound to find fault even with the adoption of their own principles. A machinery will have been provided by which Parliament can reduce the Debt, if it thinks fit, without the strain of an annual vote for the purpose. If financial authority permanently inclines to the doctrine of paying off the Debt, the fiction by which the interest is to be estimated at

28,000,000*l.* may gradually acquire the sanctity which can only be conferred by time. The country and the House of Commons will pretend to believe that the annual expenditure is larger by five or six millions than the actual amount. Foreign Governments, capitalists, and the world at large will not fail to entertain additional respect for a State which has a large annual surplus disposable at any moment for the necessities of peace or war. At the same time, Mr. GLADSTONE's susceptibilities will be consulted by the creation from time to time of a small amount of Terminable Annuities. If the Sinking Fund is maintained, the result will be regarded with general satisfaction; and, in the opposite and more probable event, no harm will have been done.

THE MEETING OF THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THE Assembly has met, and has decided that there shall be no more by-elections. It might have been expected that before coming to so trenchant a resolution the Assembly would have asked the Government to say at what time they hoped to have got through the necessary public business, and to be able to fix the date of the general election. But the thought of a dissolution is so terrible to a great majority of the deputies, even of those who have made up their minds that it must take place in the present year, that they are not anxious to know the bad news an hour sooner than is necessary. It is believed that the Cabinet does not wish to prolong the Assembly's existence beyond the present summer, and the tone of the Duke of AUDIFFRET-PASQUIER seems to indicate that the leaders of the Right Centre are on this point at one with the Cabinet. If this is the case, the month, if not the day, which is to see the last of the much-abused Assembly of 1871 is perhaps already fixed. There must at all events be a very general conviction that it is fixed, or more deputies would have been found to support M. WOŁOWSKI's amendment to the first clause of the Bill for suppressing by-elections. M. WOŁOWSKI made the very reasonable suggestion that the Assembly should not pledge itself to keep the vacant seats unfilled until it knew when the general election was to come on. He was willing that no by-elections should be held for the present; but he proposed that, if by the 1st of August the date of the Dissolution had not been fixed, all the vacant seats should be filled up at once. This amendment had two strong recommendations. It recognized the nearness of a dissolution, and thereby would probably have put an end to any schemes for postponing it beyond the autumn, and it saved the Assembly from throwing an apparent slight upon the constituencies. If the general election is really not far off, there is much to be said in favour of suspending by-elections. But so long as the date of the general election remains undetermined, it will be possible for the enemies of the Government to represent that the Ministry and the majority of the Assembly are alike bent upon stifling public opinion, and that now that they have got rid of by-elections, they will set to work to find excuses for postponing the general election. A little time back M. WOŁOWSKI would probably have been supported by the united Left, and by the Left Centre. As it was, he only found 179 deputies to vote with him. On the assumption that the Left Centre and many deputies even of the Left are sufficiently persuaded that the object of M. WOŁOWSKI's amendment is already virtually secured, inasmuch as the date of the dissolution will have been announced by the Government long before the 1st of August, this change is perfectly intelligible.

It seems impossible, indeed, that the Cabinet should have any wish to go on with the existing Chamber any longer than is unavoidable. It seems to be conceded on all hands that, if anything happened to the present Ministry, it would have no successor like itself. The enterprise in which M. BUFFET had so nearly failed was Marshal MACMAHON's last attempt at Parliamentary Cabinet-making. If this had come to nothing, he would have chosen his advisers without regard to their position in the Assembly. What nearly came to pass then would probably come to pass now if M. BUFFET were to be defeated by some chance combination of parties, and if the MARSHAL were once more to find himself embarrassed by a Ministerial crisis. So long as it is believed that a dissolution is near at hand, no such combination of parties need be feared. A large majority in the Assembly wish that the present Ministry should be in office at the time of the general election; and, provided that the notion of a dissolution is not allowed to

slip too far into the background, they will be prepared to vote so as to keep them in office. No party in France quite knows what are the limits of Ministerial influence at election time, and almost every party thinks that, as it cannot have exactly the Executive it wants, the present Ministry is the best substitute that can be obtained. The Right Centre are satisfied because they have the largest share of places. The Left Centre are satisfied because the second most important office in the Cabinet is filled by one of their leaders. The Left, who are altogether excluded, are satisfied because they know that any possible successor to the present Cabinet, chosen during the lifetime of the Assembly, would be decidedly less liberal. The Moderate Right are satisfied because they feel that a more Conservative Minister than M. BUFFET would not be able to make head against the Imperialists. All these sections, therefore, are agreed in wishing to make no change on the eve of a dissolution. But, if it should turn out that no dissolution is intended, the motive which unites them in support of the Ministry would cease to operate. The Conservatives, with no general election in prospect, and with by-elections suspended, would feel their spirits rising, and would at once begin to dream of reconstructing the old monarchical majority. The Republicans, who have waited so long on the chance of getting an Assembly which shall really represent the country, would feel that their patience had been abused, and that nothing was to be gained by suppressing their natural irritation. The hopes of the one party and the fears of the other would soon bring them together in opposition to the Government. Though they would be powerless to construct a Ministry in common, they would find it extremely easy to destroy one. The longer a dissolution is put off, the more danger there is that some such coalition may be attempted, and with this possibility in view the Government can scarcely be under any inducement to maintain their reserve much longer.

Probably they would be ready to speak their mind at once if they could first arrive at an agreement upon the question whether the elections shall be held under the present system of the *scrutin de liste* or under the system, or some modification of the system, of *scrutin d'arrondissement*. There is certainly a great deal to be said against the *scrutin de liste*. So long as every voter in a department has as many votes as there are members, there will always be large minorities which are apparently left unrepresented. If London returned its members on the same plan as Paris, the City and Westminster would be swamped by Southwark and Finsbury. The French Conservatives feel that, if the constituencies were more split up, they would have many more chances than they now enjoy. They reckon especially on the strength of the local influences which they might be able to command. In the department these go for little, because the influence of a great landowner or manufacturer in one district is neutralized by the influence of a great landowner or manufacturer in another district. In the *arrondissement* each might have things his own way, and though by this means the Liberal landowner would be relieved from the necessity of taking the Conservative in the neighbouring *arrondissement* into his calculations, the latter probably feels that he has usually the worst of the compromise. It is not unlikely that the importance of adopting one or the other of these rival systems is a good deal exaggerated. It is very hard to predict what universal suffrage will say on any given occasion, but we are inclined to believe that, however the constituencies may be arranged, it usually contrives to say pretty much what it wishes to say at the moment. It may be indifferent or deluded, but it is not silenced. The weakness of the Conservative party in France is due much less to their inability to return their fair proportion of members to the Legislature than to the apathy which leads them to assume that it is of no use trying to return their fair proportion. If they did try, they would probably find that the existence of a powerful minority would greatly strengthen the position of the moderate element in the majority, and in this way secure the return of a far less extreme candidate than would have been chosen if the minority had only sulked in their tents. But then this is a sort of influence which a French Conservative rarely cares to exert. He probably hates his moderate opponent quite as cordially as his extreme opponent, and very possibly thinks him the more dangerous enemy of the two. He only cares to return the man who exactly represents his own views; and if

there were a deputy for each *arrondissement*, he thinks that he might have a better chance of doing this. In so far as he succeeded, the result would probably be mischievous. In a French Assembly there is always considerable danger that opposing views will be represented in their crudest and most violent forms, and all schemes which have for their object the more exact representation of minorities tend to exaggerate this feature in the representative body. The more complex the constituency, the more necessary it becomes to rub down these differences in the preliminary process of agreeing upon a candidate. Probably the choice which M. BUFFET and his colleagues will ultimately make between the two systems will be determined by less abstract considerations than any that have been here enumerated.

CANADA AND THE EMPIRE.

THE people of the United States, who will for the next two or three years celebrate once a month some patriotic centenary, may probably regard with sympathy and approbation the rupture of one of the remaining links which connect the Dominion of Canada with the mother-country. If a Bill which has lately passed the Canadian Parliament is not disallowed by the Crown, the appellate jurisdiction of the Privy Council will be in a great measure superseded. The Canadian House of Commons lately considered a Bill for the establishment of a Colonial Court of Appeal. During the progress of the measure a private member moved that the judgment of the proposed Court should not be subject to any Imperial appeal; and it is not a little strange that the Ministers should have at once accepted the amendment. A change of a revolutionary character ought to have been either introduced or strenuously resisted by the Government. It was in vain that the former Minister, Sir JOHN MACDONALD, protested against an innovation which seemed to him the first step to separation from the Empire. The House of Commons passed the amended Bill by a large majority. In the Senate it was carried by the casting vote of the SPEAKER. In this instance a laudable English precedent was disregarded; for it is the traditional duty of the SPEAKER in the English House of Commons, on the rare occasions of his necessary interference, to give his casting vote in favour of the existing law. It will not be worth while to engage in a conflict with the Canadian Parliament if it persists in its sudden decision; but the GOVERNOR-GENERAL or the SECRETARY of STATE might properly allow an opportunity for further consideration of the matter. The Bill itself possesses little practical importance, for it still allows unsuccessful litigants in the Courts of First Instance the option of appealing, not to the new Supreme Court of the Dominion, but to the Privy Council. The whole number of Canadian appeals is inconsiderable; and it may be added that all disputants on Courts of Appeal generally overrate their importance in comparison with the tribunals of original jurisdiction, which really control nearly the whole mass of litigation. The significance of the Canadian Bill consists in the haste and levity with which a sovereign prerogative is abolished. Autonomy in its technical and proper sense means nothing more or less than exemption from the appellate jurisdiction of a superior.

In former times, jurisdiction, whether immediate or appellate, generally involved profit as well as dignity. At present only a few practitioners are interested in the maintenance of the appellate power of the Committee of Privy Council. During the discussions of the last two or three years it was often asserted that the colonies attached much importance to the privilege of appealing to the QUEEN in Council. It now appears that the Parliament of Canada prefers to keep its appeals at home. If the establishment of juridical independence is recommended by considerations of expediency, or even of local pride, the wishes of the Canadians may be indulged without reluctance. If, on the other hand, the measure indicates a desire for independence, it will not be obstinately resisted. The bond which unites the colonies with England has become indefinitely elastic; and there is no reason to believe that its capacity of extension is yet exhausted. At a recent festivity at Philadelphia the English Minister at Washington ventured to boast that England was in some respects more free than the United States. He might have added that the authority of the mother-country over the larger colonies is the most tolerant and the least perceptible of all known kinds of government. No other Empire has at any time allowed its

dependencies to repudiate at pleasure the appellate jurisdiction which has connected them with the central power. Canada and the Australian colonies have now for many years been governed by Ministers responsible only to themselves, and they have possessed and exercised the power of taxing English importations. The concession of internal independence may not have been dictated by pure generosity, but it was a remarkable proof of good sense. The Americans may fairly claim the credit of having first impressed on the minds of English statesmen the difficulty of repressing the ambition of disaffected colonists. The Canadians will never celebrate a Declaration of Independence followed by a war.

The difficulty of satisfying present or past colonists is illustrated by the indifferent success of Mr. GLADSTONE's complimentary letter. It was not his fault that he was placed in a dilemma which has been forcibly stated by one of his American critics. He would have given general offence if he had professed to regret the independence which was acquired by the people of the United States a hundred years ago; yet, when he courteously expresses satisfaction with the result of their secession, he is reproached with his supposed depreciation of the loss which was suffered by England. It is, as the representative of American susceptibilities logically proves, impossible that an Englishman should rejoice in the separation, unless he thinks that the colonies were not worth retaining. In other words, it is impossible to dance to the piping or to weep with the moaning of the greatest and thinnest-skinned of nations. Mr. GLADSTONE, although his language was profusely sympathetic, failed to combine grief with joy in the due proportion. It is to no purpose that he exhorts his young friends to study the history of the American rebellion, when he hints that the British Empire has survived the disruption. The colonists who still retain and cherish their allegiance to the Crown are almost as difficult to please. They resent equally the slightest attempt to interfere with their proceedings, and the faintest suggestion that they will not be retained by force if at any future time they should desire formal independence. As far as the great self-governed colonies are concerned, the duty of a judicious Minister or Governor consists almost wholly in the exercise of tact, and in a fine perception of the analogies and consequences of responsible government. Lord GRANVILLE was less successful at the Colonial Office than in the other public departments which he has administered, because he betrayed too plainly his leaning to the policy of allowing the colonies to go. Lord DUFFERIN on his appointment to the government of Canada adopted the more judicious course of announcing on all occasions his genuine sympathy with the greatness and unity of the Empire. He had some difficulty in persuading the party which now governs the Dominion that it was his duty to take the advice of his actual Ministers as long as they remained in office; but his impartiality is now fully appreciated, and the popularity which he enjoys is well deserved. He may probably attach little practical importance to the transmission of judicial appeals from Montreal or Toronto to London; but the sudden renunciation of one form of connexion with the Crown must have produced an unpleasant impression. The opponents and successors of Sir JOHN MACDONALD's Administration have often been accused by their adversaries of imperfect loyalty, and of a disposition to encourage annexation. The Opposition will not fail to enforce its habitual charges by reference to the recent vote. It is not known whether the constituencies will approve of a change which apparently points in the direction of secession. The Ministers can scarcely be acquitted of undue haste in adopting as an amendment a proposal which they had not included in their Bill.

On the whole, there is reason to hope that the unfortunate results of the American rebellion will not be reproduced in the relations between England and the existing colonies. It is even possible that the genius of Englishmen for political fiction may prolong for an indefinite time the nominal connexion of Australia, Canada, and Southern Africa with the Imperial Crown. Only one of the great English dependencies is open to the possible attacks of a foreign enemy; and all of them might by slight exertions protect themselves against any inconvenience to which they could be exposed in a European war. The exclusive commercial policy which contributed to the loss of the North American colonies has long since been abandoned by England; and a stronger proof of liberality is afforded by the

toleration of obsolete colonial prejudices. Communities which professedly acknowledge the sovereignty of the Crown devote their legislative energies without remonstrance to the restriction of English commerce. It is not even certain that the Imperial Government would have prevented the conclusion of a Treaty with the United States by which Canada would have imposed differential duties on English goods. A Declaration of Independence on the part of any colony would scarcely furnish ground hereafter for a centennial commemoration. The celebrated cargoes of tea which were thrown into Boston harbour have no antitype in modern articles of commerce. The Governors appointed by the Crown are at least as respectable and as efficient as elected Presidents, and apparently they are not less popular. The occasional reversal of a colonial judgment by the Committee of Privy Council has not hitherto been felt as a serious grievance.

THE IRISH COERCION DEBATES.

ALTHOUGH Mr. DISRAELI threatens the House of Commons with a long and busy Session, it is some consolation to know that the Peace Preservation debates are over for the present, and that in all probability five years must pass before they are resumed. To the ordinary English mind it seems more important that murder and outrage should be repressed or prevented than that constitutional forms should be scrupulously regarded where the feelings and opinions of a large section of the community are not on the side of law and order. At the same time, exceptional legislation ought not to exceed the necessities of the case; and it is possible that the relaxations included in the original draft of the Bill, and the concessions made during the discussion by the Government, may not have seriously impaired the securities for public safety. Incidentally the debates and divisions may have produced some advantage in accustoming supporters of Home Rule to seek Parliamentary redress for real or imaginary grievances. Even Irish members are subject to some amiable weaknesses of humanity; and they probably regard with diminished antipathy Ministers who yield to their more moderate demands, and members of the Opposition who court their alliance by dividing in favour of their motions and amendments. It is also interesting to learn that the sternest band of patriots is sometimes liable to internal differences of opinion, and that opponents belonging to the same country are far more odious in their eyes than the tyrannous alien from England. One of the most amusing episodes in the long discussion was the fierce denunciation by Home Rule orators of the officious interference of an Irish Conservative member. The Government had inadvertently adopted a clause which would have given facilities for procuring firearms to disaffected or disorderly inhabitants of towns. Mr. BREEN proposed that licences should be granted on the certificate of county magistrates only to occupiers of land, who are in general the favourite clients of Mr. BUTT and his allies. When Sir M. H. BEACH professed his disposition to accept the amendment, he was loudly taunted with undue deference to a faction which Mr. SULLIVAN designated by the novel nickname of Ultramarine. The name is evidently borrowed from the term Ultramontane; but it is not altogether clear whether Mr. SULLIVAN looks at the Irish Channel from the Eastern or the Western shore. When the Irish Legislature sits in Dublin, the voice of the native minority is apparently to be altogether silenced. The IRISH SECRETARY might well ask why he was precluded from adopting any suggestion which might proceed from Irish members on his own side of the House.

Mr. DISRAELI's natural tact and long experience ought to have saved him from the mistake of professing to regard Mr. DOWNING's civil language as a message of peace from Ireland. An essentially pugnacious party is never more sensitive to a charge of good temper and moderation than when it consciously finds its characteristic wrath temporarily abated. It was not to tender messages of peace that the Home Rule members were elected; and it is easy to understand the indignation of Major O'GORMAN and Mr. BIGGAR against a colleague who seemed capable of being conciliated. As might have been expected, Mr. DOWNING himself took the first opportunity of declaring that he had been misled by the blandishments of a faithless Government. If he could have anticipated that difficulties would be thrown in the way of townspeople who desired to carry

guns, Mr. DOWNING would never have acknowledged the courtesy and consideration of the Government and of the House. The compliments which were paid by Mr. DISRAELI to the Irish members were for the most part undeserved. They have done their utmost to delay the progress of general business; and they disowned again and again in Committee the principle of the Bill which had been decided on the second reading. Mr. BIGGAR's four hours' speech must be placed exclusively to his personal credit, but it is impossible to acquit his colleagues of deliberate waste of time. Their best excuse was to be found in the support which they occasionally received from the regular Opposition. Lord HARTINGTON consistently acted in the spirit of his speech on the second reading by supporting his successor in office, who was merely continuing the policy of the Liberal Government. Other members of the Opposition took opportunities of embarrassing the Ministers by voting in favour of various amendments. Some of them may have thought it undesirable that Irish members should feel themselves a separate section of the House of Commons; nor were they perhaps wholly insensible to the consideration that a time might come when Irish votes would once more decide a party contest.

One of the latest modifications of the Bill may be regarded as an improvement. In certain cases the writ of Habeas Corpus is not to be suspended; but on the return of the writ the Lord-Lieutenant's warrant will furnish a conclusive answer. There seems to be no ground for the apprehension that frivolous motions for writs will occupy the time of the Irish Courts. Vexatious legal proceedings are much more expensive than interminable discussions in Parliament. It is possible, if not likely, that hardship and injustice might result from the suspension of the writ. It is not expedient that persons who are imprisoned without conviction or trial should be kept for an indefinite time in custody. Lord SPENCER's vindication of his own conduct in answer to Mr. MITCHELL HENRY, while it relieved him from all suspicion of cruelty or negligence, suggested the possibility that a prisoner might casually incur a severe punishment when he was only detained for purposes of security. Solitary confinement is not less painful because it may be the accidental result of the emptiness of a gaol. There is no reason to fear that any English Government will be guilty of intentional inhumanity. The Irish members seem occasionally to forget that some of their constituents may perhaps be both innocent of agrarian crime and its possible or probable victims. Every relaxation of provisions which are devised for the protection of the peaceable part of the community is regarded as a triumph by Mr. BUTT and his friends. The majority which always supports Peace Preservation Acts has for the most part no opinion on the necessity or utility of particular clauses. It is necessary to repose a certain amount of confidence in any Government which may for the time be charged with the maintenance of the public peace; and it may be assumed that every safe relaxation of coercive laws will be readily and eagerly made. Among many hasty declarations into which Mr. DISRAELI was tempted at the beginning of the last general election was an attack on Mr. GLADSTONE's Government for its domestic policy in Ireland. Ministers are fortunately more conscientious than the same persons when they are leaders of Opposition, and the present Government has no more repealed the Peace Preservation Acts than it has abolished the Income-tax.

The IRISH SECRETARY has improved his Parliamentary and official position by the industry, the firmness, and good temper with which he has conducted the Bill through the House of Commons. In the earlier debates Mr. DISRAELI sometimes interposed with ready tact. Unfortunately, the tedious progress of the measure, coinciding with several troublesome debates on Parliamentary privilege, subjected the leader of the House to a charge of indecision and weakness. It would seem that Mr. DISRAELI, who is not in general unduly sensitive, prides himself not without reason on his skill in managing Parliamentary business. In his annoyance at an imputation which was not altogether groundless, he has lately adopted a tone which was more characteristic of his earnest and conscientious predecessor than of a political Epicurean. The extravagant declaration that the Session should be prolonged till all the Government Bills were carried was followed by a threat that the House should be mulcted of its immemorial Whitsuntide holiday, and by an affected doubt whether it should be forced to sit on the Derby day. The recess which has nevertheless

commenced will perhaps restore an equanimity which has been unusually and unnecessarily disturbed. Mr. DISRAELI is neither a financier nor a master of the details of public business; and he has never distinguished himself in legislation; but he had hitherto possessed and deserved the credit of understanding human nature, or that form of it which is displayed in the House of Commons. Even if he had not lately complimented the Irish members on the moderation and regularity of their opposition, he has for many years been accustomed to the prolixity which is inseparable from patriotism. It is not to be expected that sixty Home Rule members would exhaust in a day or a week their ingenuity of obstruction. Few of their amendments have been proposed on more than three or four different occasions, and the Committee, which might have lasted far into the summer, is at last at an end. Englishmen are for the most part incompetent to judge of the alterations which have been effected in the coercive laws; and, according to Mr. SULLIVAN, Irish Conservatives are precluded from the expression of an opinion on Irish affairs. There is reason to hope that political conspiracies are not at present actively promoted, and agrarian crime is not extraordinarily prevalent. Five years hence it may be possible to diminish still further the restrictions which shock the constitutional mind. Before that time a general election will have intervened; but there is no reason to apprehend an intermission of vigilance, or a diminution of the fluency which distinguishes the opponents of Coercion Bills.

MR. BEESLY'S MARTYRS.

PROFESSOR BEESLY, who will be remembered for the part he took in endeavouring to extenuate the atrocities of the Sheffield Unionists, has just come forward on behalf of some other heroes of the same school. These are the cabinet-makers who were sentenced the other day to a month's imprisonment for dogging and otherwise annoying their fellow-workmen who had refused to join in a strike. For this kind of coercive discipline—"grinding down recalcitrant elements" is the fine Comtist phrase for it—Professor BEESLY has, it appears, the highest admiration; and if it could only be generally introduced, we should no doubt see a good many social changes. He has published a letter in which he says he "should like to be at the prison-doors when they"—the heroic cabinet-makers—"come out, to shake hands with them, and to show in all the most public ways that I approve their conduct and honour their constancy." He suggests, therefore, that some means should be taken "to make it clear that these men were not criminals but martyrs"; and it has accordingly been arranged that on the Saturday afternoon when they are released from gaol they shall be met by a great concourse of admirers, that Professor BEESLY shall go through the ceremony of exchanging with them what is called the right hand of fellowship, and that then the whole body shall march off in the usual way, with bands and flags, to hold a meeting in Hyde Park in celebration of the glorious martyrdom. It is natural to ask what is the "noble constancy" and "noble firmness" which Professor BEESLY so much admires, and we have only to turn to the reports of the recent trial to find it fully explained.

The five cabinet-makers were tried last week at the Old Bailey for conspiring together to molest workmen in the employment of Messrs. JACKSON and GRAHAM, the upholsterers, with intent to coerce the employers to cease to employ the workmen, and to coerce the workmen with a view to induce them to leave their employment. It was stated by the prosecution that there was no desire for the severe punishment of the prisoners, and that all that was wanted was to settle the question whether this kind of molestation was lawful. It is obvious that the question was one, not between employers and workmen, but between workmen and workmen, and that it is in the interest of the latter that they should be protected against intimidation from any quarter in disposing of their labour. It seems that the employers in this instance had substituted payment for what is known as "piece-work in the lamp" for payment by the hour, and that this gave great offence to the Cabinet-makers' Union, the leaders of which ordered a strike. The employers had apparently no difficulty in obtaining other workmen to fill the places of those who had struck; and the latter then endeavoured to frighten the new-comers away by placing

pickets at the doors of the factory. It was not alleged that the pickets had attempted in any way to lay hands on the men at work, or had done more than remonstrate with them, and threaten to have them "blackened"—that is, marked as "black sheep," with whom Unionists would not work; and the question for the jury was whether this kind of molestation came within the meaning of "coercion" in the Act. It was shown that nine or ten men were engaged in the picketing, and that it was systematically carried on for about three months. During that time the pickets were constantly going up and down near the factory, watching the men at work, and sometimes speaking to them. One of the men thus beset said that nothing disagreeable was said or done by the pickets, and another thought it "rather amusing than otherwise." But there seems to be no doubt that others were more sensitive, and found it extremely unpleasant to be watched in this way, even though there was nothing violent in the behaviour of the pickets, and that it had the effect of keeping workmen away from the factory who would otherwise have been glad of employment there. The Judge explained the law on the subject very clearly. There must, he said, be such molestation or obstruction as might subject a person to an indictment, such, for example, as following any one about persistently from place to place, or watching the house where he worked in an irritating way. It was for the prosecution to show that the watching and besetting were carried on in such a way as to operate to the extent of annoyance, apprehension, or loss; and, if the jury thought that this was made out, they must find a verdict against the prisoners. This was, in fact, the conclusion at which the jury arrived, and we should think that it is that which most people would form from reading or hearing the evidence. It is clear that the proceedings of the Unionists were intended to be, and had the effect of being, offensive to the men employed at the factory. Nine or ten men took it in turns to be always hanging about the place, asking the workmen to come away, and in some cases threatening them with the black mark if they remained; and there can be no doubt that, as a rule, the men who were subjected to this sort of treatment did not like it. Some of them might not be so distressed by it as others, but its general effect was to deter men from taking employment at this shop. As the Judge said, there are cases in which picketing may be perfectly lawful, and it is no doubt often difficult to say exactly at what point legitimate persuasion leaves off and coercion begins. But in this instance the persistency with which the besetting was kept up for several months, and the personal threats of "blackening" which were used by the pickets, sufficiently prove the temper and object with which the watch was kept; and we do not see how the jury could possibly have arrived at any other decision than that which they gave on the evidence before them.

It is necessary to observe that, although there is the greatest difference in form and degree of criminality between the outrages of the Sheffield saw-grinders and the behaviour of the London cabinet-makers, the spirit and the object of their acts were precisely the same in each case, and that they were both directed against the reasonable liberty of the citizen. Every employer has a right to carry on his business in his own way, with the help of such workmen as are willing to work for him; and it is not less important to the men than to employers that this principle should be firmly maintained. It has been clearly proved in this case that there are men who are quite ready to accept employment on the terms offered by Messrs. JACKSON and GRAHAM; and it would be monstrous and intolerable if other persons were to be allowed to prevent these men from earning a livelihood in their own way by systematic and persistent annoyance. It is perfectly true that in an indirect manner a great deal of coercion is practised among all classes of the community. Everybody likes everybody else to go the same way as himself; and there is always a disposition, when persuasion fails, to try the effect of some kind of punishment, such as sending a man to Coventry, withdrawing custom from his shop, and so on. It may be very hard that such things should be done, but, on the other hand, it is necessary that freedom of action should be respected as far as is consistent with public order. In the present instance the dissatisfied workmen had an undoubted right to quit their employment, and to say that they would not work with anybody who accepted the new terms; but then the other men had an equal right to accept the terms, and to be protected from

interference in going to and from their work. It is not as if the Unionists had only once in a way urged the new comers to join the strike, or had sent circulars to them on the subject. The gravamen of the offence lay in the intentional and persistent annoyance, carried on daily and systematically for several months. Not long ago there was a great outcry among some of the Unionists in Scotland because a man at Dundee had been sent to prison for, as it was said, only just looking in at the window of a shop. It turned out, however, that this looking in at the window was kept up by relays of men, who took it in turns to stand before the shop of an obnoxious tailor, and "glower" at his workmen. It may be thought that the men who were stared at in this way can hardly have been much the worse for it; but still, if the practice was steadily persevered in for a length of time, it would become a serious nuisance. The Unionists sometimes contend that picketing is their only way of meeting the "black list" of employers. It should be observed, however, that a black list is perfectly allowable on either side as long as it is simply a resolution not to employ or to work with a particular workman or set of workmen. It becomes an offence only when it takes the form of an attempt to prevent other people from exercising a similar freedom of choice in regard to their employers or working associates. One of the counsel for the cabinet-makers remarked that it was good law to say that workmen might refuse to work for a certain number of hours or in company with A. B. C. or D.; but he forgot that what his client and the other prisoners were being tried for was not for refusing to work under conditions which, for any reason, they disliked, but for trying, by unjustifiable annoyances, to hinder other men from taking work on terms which contented them. Everyone has a right to throw up work on his own account, but not to coerce others into doing so. It is probable that in this case the picketing was purposely reduced to its mildest form in the hope of keeping on the safe side of the law. It is easy to see, however, how intolerable an engine of oppression what is called "peaceful watching" might become if performed by an organized band and kept up for a length of time. It is perfectly clear that, if independent workmen were let alone, they would take their own course, and that picketing is kept up solely as a means of annoyance and coercion; and it is this which makes it an offence against social order. Apart altogether from the legal aspects of such conduct, it is certainly strange to find it commended as an example to others by any person of intelligence and education. It might be logically inferred from Professor BEESLY's letter that he would like to see the coercive action of the Trade-Unions introduced into other spheres of life; but there is, of course, no serious reason to suppose that, in the event of any difference arising between himself and other persons in his own class or profession, he would be prepared to resort to the course of action which he so urgently recommends to ignorant working-men. There can be no doubt that, if this sort of annoyance were once legalized as a weapon in the hands of the Unionists, it would be apt to be applied to other purposes; and questions of politics as well as of wages might thus be brought under the influence of organized intimidation. It is impossible to be too jealous of any infringement of those principles of personal freedom upon which not only the good order, but the healthy progress, of society depends.

CLIMBING BOYS.

LORD SHAFTESBURY'S speech in moving the second reading of the Chimney Sweepers Bill amounted to nothing short of a grave, and to all appearance a well-grounded, indictment against the competence or the impartiality of magistrates. The extracts which he read from the Report of the Royal Commission on the Employment of Children, which was published in 1864, might very well have been taken from a similar Report made before it was made unlawful to send children up chimneys. One master sweep after another gave evidence of the cruelties still used in training children for a trade which most people had supposed to have been abolished. Ever since 1840 it has been illegal for sweeps to have apprentices under the age of sixteen, or to allow an apprentice under the age of twenty-one to go into a chimney. But more than twenty years after these things had been forbidden by Act of Parliament, the Royal

Commissioners found that they were still commonly done. The master sweeps either defied or evaded the law by employing children of six or eight years' old—six especially being described by them as a "nice trainable age." The training in question consisted mainly of the physical preparation necessary to make them good climbers. Indeed, except for this purpose, nothing is gained by taking them young. To work a sweeping-machine does not require a preliminary practice of ten years before a boy is formally apprenticed. But the process of climbing chimneys does require to be begun early. By the time that a boy can hit as hard as his master, it might be dangerous to rub his bleeding knees and elbows with scalding brine as a preliminary to sending him up another flue. At six years old the flesh is more capable of being hardened, and the master sweep can apply the brine without risk to himself. Occasionally, the Commissioners found, even all this training fails to harden boys sufficiently. No process has been discovered which will save a sweep from being burnt to death if his master has imprudently sent him to put out a fire in a chimney without first ascertaining that the air is cool enough for him to breathe. Nor will any amount of preparation protect a boy against the risk of contracting the fatal disease known as "sooty," or "chimney-sweep's" cancer. Lord SHAFTESBURY assures us that the eleven years which have passed away since the Commissioners made their Report have not worked any change in the employment of climbing boys, and, considering that the defects in the law have remained unremedied all that time, we have little difficulty in fully believing him.

The reason why this unlawful employment of children goes on with so little check is the reason by which most violations of law can be explained—the impunity extended to transgressors. In some towns, presumably towns where there are stipendiary magistrates, the practice of sending boys up chimneys has been abolished. In London Colonel HENDERSON says that the police have not been able to discover a single instance of boys being so employed. In Edinburgh the Lord Provost tells the same story. But in Liverpool the chimneys of the Town Hall itself have been swept by climbing boys, and swept with the knowledge of the Town Council. Perhaps the notoriety which Liverpool has obtained for brutal assaults has made it difficult for the authorities to take cognizance of any offences which stop short of murder. A municipality which allows men to be kicked to death in the open street, and refuses to take any special precautions against the recurrence of similar crimes, cannot be expected to be squeamish about the possible roasting to death of a chimney-sweep. It is fair to say, however, that the Liverpool Town Council does not stand alone in this latter respect. As regards toleration of murder by kicking, it can claim an unapproached pre-eminence, but as regards the lesser crime of manslaughter by burning, other equally respectable persons sail quite as near the wind. A large proportion of the public, says Lord SHAFTESBURY, quoting and adopting the language of the Royal Commissioners, either connive at or directly encourage the employment of climbing boys, and this feeling is shared "by noblemen and magistrates." When the employer shuts his eyes to the fact that his chimney is swept by a boy instead of by a machine, and still more when he prefers to employ a sweep who brings a boy with him rather than a sweep who brings only a machine with him, it is not to be expected that the sweep should be mindful of the law. The risk of detection is very much lessened if the employer and the servants encourage him in breaking the law; and it is reduced to nothing if, as is sometimes the case, the police know that the authorities very much prefer that the law should not be put in force. This is the case in Liverpool, and also in Bath. The law is systematically broken in both towns because the police do not consider it part of their work to see that it is obeyed. Policemen are but men, and when they know that their superiors do not desire that they should do their duty, they will easily find means of leaving it undone. Even when, from oversight or design, it happens, as it will occasionally, that a master sweep gets prosecuted for breaking the law, he has still the magistrates to look to. Lord SHAFTESBURY told a story which deserves to be preserved, from the singular legal ingenuity displayed by the heroes of it. In a case which occurred near Nottingham it was proved that a sweep entered the house with a boy, and that a brush, not a machine, appeared out of the top of the chimney. The magistrates felt no doubt that the brush had

been held in a human hand, or that the hand belonged to the boy who had entered the house with the sweep. To less carefully trained minds a conviction would have seemed inevitable. The law forbids a sweep to send any apprentice up a chimney who is under the age of twenty-one, and here a boy, evidently not more than ten years old, had been sent up. But these profound lawyers knew that in construing a penal statute it is impossible to be too strict, and they knew also that in determining questions of age the eyesight is above all things to be distrusted. The boy looked nine years old, but there was no evidence that he was not over twenty-one, and for lack of that evidence the sweep was acquitted. "It was mentioned in the justice-room," says the witness who tells the story, "that the presiding magistrate had in his own house flues that would not admit the use of the machine, and that boys were used instead." Unfortunately, even the Judges cannot be altogether acquitted of over-indulgence in this matter. Lord SHAFTESBURY mentions that in the present year, and also in the year 1873, sweeps have been tried for the manslaughter of boys who have died from climbing chimneys, and in each case the offender has only been sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

Perhaps the most striking evidence of the indifference with which a professedly humane public regard the torture of climbing boys is supplied by the speech of Lord BEAUCHAMP. Speaking as the representative of the Government, he stated that he did not expect much from the Bill, and upon this point we are afraid that he is not unlikely to be right. Lord SHAFTESBURY simply proposes to allow no one to carry on the trade of a chimney-sweep without a licence, and though this is an improvement on the existing practice so far as it goes, it does not appear to us to go nearly far enough. Whether the change that is really needed is a change in the law or a provision for ensuring that the law is better carried out, is a matter on which the Government might not at the moment have had an opinion, but the least they should have instructed Lord BEAUCHAMP to say is that, as they did not consider Lord SHAFTESBURY'S Bill likely to answer its purpose, they would consider whether some amendments might not be introduced into it in Committee. As it was, Lord BEAUCHAMP was left to his own discretion, and a very singular use he contrived to make of it. It is really hard to say whether the compliment he paid to Lord SHAFTESBURY or the platitude in which the compliment was enshrined is most worthy of admiration. Much more, he thought, would be effected by Lord SHAFTESBURY'S speech than by registration or licences. This amazing statement shows a childlike faith alike in Lord SHAFTESBURY and in the power of Parliamentary oratory which could never have been expected from Lord BEAUCHAMP, and indeed it can only be attributed to a recent attendance on the ministrations of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY. To believe that any peer is able to put down the employment of climbing boys, without the aid of either police or magistrates, by merely raising his voice in the House of Lords, is to invest him with something very like miraculous power. If this is Lord BEAUCHAMP'S estimate of Lord SHAFTESBURY, we may look to see some interesting results from the peculiar form of hero-worship to which he has so unexpectedly become a convert. Meanwhile, when the Bill is in Committee it is to be hoped that, if the Government think it necessary to say anything on the subject, they will choose a mouthpiece who believes a little more in the efficacy of legislation and a little less in the efficacy of the legislator.

LITERARY COINCIDENCES.

IN noticing some time ago * a few instances of coincidences in literary expression, we remarked upon the difficulty of determining whether they were or were not accidental. Mr. Mill, as he says in his Autobiography, was annoyed by the reflection that there were only a limited number of tunes in the world; and it might be added that there are only a limited number of good things to be said. An epigram is a combination, it may be, of a dozen words. The whole number of existing words, and therefore the whole number of combinations of twelve words, is strictly finite. Hence, if any one should arrange from the dictionary all possible sets of phrases of a given length, he would discover every good thing that has ever been said within those limits; and most good things are comprised within very short limits indeed. The plan is quite at the service of anybody who likes to try it; we need only caution him that he must not only make his good sayings, but know when he has made them, which is sometimes the

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more difficult task of the two. Meanwhile, as such a process is theoretically possible, we should not be too sceptical as to the possibility of entirely independent writers sometimes hitting upon the same epigram or illustration. A curious illustration of the possibility is given in the notes to that most remarkable poem the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám. Nobody, it might be thought, had discovered more remote combinations of ideas than Donne, and one of his most far-fetched conceits is given in the lines:—

If we be two, we two are so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but does if the other do.
And though thine in the centre sit,
Yet when my other far does roam,
Thine leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect if mine comes home.
Such thou must be to me, who must
Like the other foot obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And me to end where I began.

Donne must have felt tolerably certain that nobody ever hit upon that particular bit of quaintness; and yet Omar had written in Persian five centuries earlier:—"You and I are the image of a pair of compasses; though we have two heads" (*sc. our feet*) "we have one body; when we have fixed the centre for our circle, we bring our heads (feet) together at the end." Omar, as all readers of poetry ought to know, anticipated modern ideas in more ways than this; and perhaps we ought to be more interested when we find him expressing a thought which is common to all philosophers. When he says, in reference to human destiny:—

The ball no question makes of ayes and noes,
But right or left, as strikes the player, goes;
And He that tossed it down into the field,
He knows about it all, He knows, He knows!

we may be reminded of Webster's phrase, in the *Duchess of Melfi*, "We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and bandied which way please them." The Englishman and the Persian, the Christian and the Mahomedan, are impressed by a similar feeling of the impotence of man; but the metaphor is tolerably obvious, and illustrates the permanence of certain philosophical thoughts, not a coincidence of special idiosyncrasies.

There are indeed certain arguments which seem naturally to embody themselves in particular illustrations. Locke's illustrations of the Indian tortoise which supports the world, and of the prince who refused to believe in ice, are so happy that they become intolerably trite; and their very felicity suggests that they may have been hit upon independently. That would certainly be the case with Paley's celebrated watch argument. We call it Paley's, for he has made it his own by the clearness with which he works out the illustration; but it is to be found in many previous writers. Paley probably borrowed it from Tucker, to whom, as he frankly acknowledges, he owed many obligations of the kind; but Tucker was far from being the originator. We find it, for example, in Clarke and Bolingbroke, and done into queer verse by that dullest and most respectable of men, Sir R. Blackmore:—

In all the parts of Nature's spacious sphere
Of art ten thousand miracles appear;
And will you not the author's skill adore
Because you think he might discover more?
You own a watch the invention of the mind,
Though for a single motion 'tis designed,
As well as that which is with greater thought,
With various springs, for various motions wrought.

The same illustration is to be found before this in the earliest English deist, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in Hale's *Primitive Origination of Mankind*, and in Nieuwentyt's *Religious Philosopher*. It is more curious, however, to find that it even preceded the invention of watches. Cicero, *De Naturâ Deorum*, says:—"Quod si in Scythiam aut in Britanniam sphaeram aliquis tulerit hanc, quam nuper noster effecit Posidonius, cujus singulae conversiones idem efficiunt in sole et in luna et in quinque stellis errantibus, quod efficitur in cælo singulis diebus et noctibus: quis in illâ barbarie dubitet quin ea sphaera sit perfecta ratione?" It is obviously impossible to say how far any of these writers borrowed from their predecessors. It is not easy, indeed, in matters which have been for centuries the field of eager speculation, to hit upon an entirely new argument or illustration, and an inquiry into the genealogy of ideas would lead us into many difficult questions. One odd case may be mentioned. Bentham's moral philosophy is pretty well summed up in the sacred phrase about the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Who first struck it out? Bentham himself says that the principle occurred to him in reading Priestley's *Treatise on Government*; but the phrase is not to be found in that, nor, it is said, in any of Priestley's writings. Bentham's editor finds a very similar expression in Beccaria; but meanwhile it had been used by an earlier writer, whom, one might have thought, it would have been natural to consult in the first place. "The moral evil or vice," says Hutcheson in his *Inquiry*, "is as the degree of misery and number of the sufferers, so that that action is best which procures the greatest happiness of the greatest number." This, too, is no accidental phrase, but expresses the result of an elaborate piece of reasoning. We may give an instance of a more trifling kind where we are unable to say whether the coincidence is accidental or designed. Mr. Disraeli not long ago brought an accusation against Mr. Gladstone's Government of blundering and plundering. The jingle was generally supposed to be suggested by Lord Derby's previous witticism about meddling and muddling. Mr. Disraeli,

however, might possibly have found it ready made. Coleridge, in his *Essays on his own times*, talks of an old naval Captain who said, in reference to some unmentioned Government, "call it blunderment or plunderment, or what you like, only not a Government!" Mr. Disraeli is skilful enough in his appropriations, and brilliant enough in his original capacity, to be capable either of inventing or adopting such a formula.

The question, of course, occurs most frequently in poetry. Some writers, such as Pope and Gray, whose style was highly polished, have naturally spared themselves labour by polishing the good things of other people. The impetuous Byron might pour out the thoughts of others, which had become lodged in a very retentive memory, without troubling himself to distinguish them from his own. His poetry is full of such coincidences. When he says, for example, in reference to Canning and the House of Commons,

The hounds will gather to their huntsman's holla,
And where he leads the duteous pack will follow;

he was doubtless thinking of the often-quoted passage in Bolingbroke's letter to Sir W. Wyndham. Another phrase seems to imply a more distinct process of adoption. The lines

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain
Than thus remember thee!

are simply a translation of Shenstone's phrase in the epitaph on Miss Dolman:—"Hæu! quanto minus esset cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!" The appropriation, indeed, seems to be avowed; but in many cases it was probably unconscious. Goldsmith, who belonged to the school of Pope in form, if not in sentiment, has made some appropriations which are more in Pope's method of deliberate acquisition. The familiar phrase

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long,

comes from Young—"Man wants but little, nor that little long." It is said, however, that it was first printed between inverted commas. The apparently trifling change in the phrase just gives it the neatness which is required for ensuring it proverbial currency. It is possible that the same might be said of a theft for which Campbell was attacked by Hazlitt. The phrase

Like angels' visits, few and far between

is less logical, but slightly more euphonious than the verse in Blair's "Grave":—

Like angels' visits, short and far between.

The alliteration may have determined the greater success of the later form. Meanwhile, it is curious that an earlier and less familiar poet had approached very closely to the same expression. John Norris, the author of the *Ideal World*, says, in one of the poems printed in his "Miscellanies":—

How fading all the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone.
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angels' visits, short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

The thought was familiar to him; and he says elsewhere:—

Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear,
So neither do they make long stay;
They do but visit, and away.

It is rather hard that Campbell and Blair should have got credit for a saying which he approached so nearly more than once. To return to Goldsmith, however, we may observe that we may trace him in other appropriations. The excellent song of "Madam Blaise," for example, is an adaptation; and so is the epitaph on poor Ned Pardon, the bookseller's hack,

Who led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he'll wish to come back.

Swift has the same sentence about "poor G——":—

So little justice had he found,
'Tis too to one he'll ne'er come back.

And one or both doubtless borrowed from a French epigram about the *Sieur Étienne*, of whom it is said:—

En ce monde, il eut tant de maux
Qu'on ne croit pas qu'il revienne.

We might perhaps trace another suggestion in the verses, about lovely woman stooping to folly. Her only mode, we know, of bringing repentance to her lover is to die. Fielding gives to one of the chapters in *Tom Jones* the heading, "A receipt to gain the lost affections of a wife which hath never been known to fail in the most desperate cases"; and the receipt is the same as that recommended by Goldsmith—the death, that is, of one of the persons chiefly concerned. But another coincidence is more curious. The following simile in the *Deserted Village* has been described as "perhaps the sublimest in English poetry":—

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Gilbert Wakefield quotes a passage from Claudian as giving the original of this comparison, which, as a member of the Alpine Club would probably say, is more poetical than correct. There is, however, a closer parallel in a writer more likely to be familiar to Goldsmith. Bossuet says, in the funeral oration on Condé, that the Prince was "semblable à ces hautes montagnes dont la

cime au-dessus des nues et des tempêtes trouve la sérénité dans sa hauteur, et ne perd aucun rayon de la lumière qui l'environne." Perhaps Bossuet was the intermediate step between Claudian and Goldsmith.

Another trifling appropriation of Goldsmith's seems to be an echo from Young:—

I only would repress them to secure,
says Goldsmith, in the *Traveller*, of the "blooms" of Freedom;
and Young has in his *Night Thoughts*:—

I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.

Young had a talent for epigrammatic forms of language deserving comparison with Pope's, though he generally makes a copybook phrase (e.g. "Procrastination is the thief of time") where Pope coins a proverb. But his phrases are often pointed enough to impress the memory, and he has been frequently quoted or appropriated. Young says, for example:—

What ardently we wish, we soon believe;
and Cowper changes it into—

What ardently I wished, I long believed.

Another parallel, where Young was the plunderer and not the plundered, gives a more interesting thought. Sir T. Browne says, in the *Religio Medici*:—"In brief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God." Young has—

The course of nature is the art of God.

It is curious to compare these aphorisms with the converse statement of Burke—"Art is man's nature." The two views which make nature the divine art, or art human nature, are philosophically combined in the well-known passage from the *Winter's Tale*, where Shakespeare substantially explains that the distinction between art and nature is ultimately arbitrary. Together these passages might form a motto for Mr. Mill's essay *On Nature*, which works out Shakespeare's theory at length.

The name of Shakespeare suggests infinite echoes in later literature. We may recall a couple of tolerably familiar instances from the same scene which might suggest some minute criticism as to the relative merits of different forms of expression. "To be honest, as this world goes," says Hamlet, "is to be one man picked out of ten thousand."

An honest wise man is a prince's mate,
says Fletcher, in the *Triumph of Love*; and elsewhere:—

Man is his own star, and that soul that can
Be honest is the only perfect man.

Pope's version is better known:—

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

We may add a phrase from Defoe:—"An honest man is the best title that can be given in the world." We leave it to examiners in English literature to decide which of these expressions is the best, and why. The other phrase follows Hamlet's remark that Denmark is a prison:—"There is nothing, either good or bad, but thinking makes it so; to me it is a prison." In Howell's letters we find him writing from his prison, "There is a wise saying in the country where you sojourn now; 'Ce n'est pas la place mais la pensée qui fait la prison.'" Everybody remembers Lovelace's version of the same truth:—

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

Shakespeare, we should say, gives the thought most accurately in both cases, though his phrases are perhaps not so calculated for proverbial use.

We will end with another coincidence from Howell's letters. He thus verifies a statement of St. Augustine:—

If I wert Thou, and Thou wert I,
I would resign the Deity;
Thou shouldst be God, I would be man—
Is't possible that love more can?

With which we may compare Mr. George Mac Donald:—

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrodde;
Have mercy on my soul, Lord God,
As I would do were I Lord God,
And ye were David Elginbrodde.

Perhaps it is the fittest mode of concluding an article upon borrowing, designed or accidental, to admit that we have been guided in some of the coincidences we have noticed by previous investigators; but there is an abundant field for further discovery.

COLCHESTER.

THAT one of the earliest seats of Roman power in Britain should to modern ears be mainly suggestive of oysters is really by no means inappropriate. The shell-fish, as the unscientific call it, was so favourite an article of Roman food that its remains are often set down among the signs of Roman occupation. Not, however, that Camalodunum or Colchester, inland as it stands, is in itself a seat of the oyster-fishery. But, if not the seat, it was long the head; the town had a jurisdiction over the neighbouring coasts, something like that exercised over other waters by London and Bristol. And no town in England has a longer history than that which was taken in one age by Boadicea and in another by Fairfax. That Camalodunum is Colchester there can

be no reasonable doubt. Whatever be the origin of the Latin name, its likeness to so purely English a formation as Maldon is merely accidental. An attempt has, we believe, been made to move Camalodunum somewhere a long way to the West, on the strength of a passage of Tacitus, which does at first sight seem to connect the foundation of the colony with the revolt of the Silurians. But the reference must be, not specially to the Silurians, but to the general movement throughout Britain of which the exploits of Caractacus were only part. In the story of Boadicea Camalodunum appears, along with London and Verulam, among the chief Roman possessions in South-eastern Britain. No place can have so good a claim to that rank as a place where the walls of the Roman city are still standing, and where most of the later buildings are either actually quarried out of Roman materials or built in close imitation of them. The first site, the British site, of Camalodunum, has been placed, not where Colchester now stands, but at a little distance, at Lexden, a spot where fancy has certainly been busy at work, and has turned a large gravel-pit into the kitchen of old King Cole. However this may be, there seems no reason to doubt that the first Roman site, the site where the first colony of veterans dwelled in their unvalled town around the temple of the lately deified Claudius—Seneca had another name for the change in him—was the same site which was afterwards occupied by the walled city. The site, on a considerable height, as heights go in Essex, and faintly—very faintly—approaching the peninsular position of Shrewsbury and Besançon, was surely one which the eye of the Roman engineer would mark from the beginning. The oppression of the colonists brought on them their destruction, and the Temple of Claudius could defend his worshippers for two days only. Rebuilt doubtless, and well defended, Camalodunum became one of the chief seats of Roman dominion. As Caer Collun—in various spellings—it figures in the British lists, and the colony has been personified in the mythical Col, famed as the father of the sainted Empress Helen, more famous as the hero of a popular rhyme. How the city passed into English hands we have no record; Henry of Huntingdon knew no ballad of its conquest to match the precious song of Anderida. But some ages later, in the great days of Edward the Unconquered, Colneceaster, Colchester, as we now find it called, was the seat of a gallant exploit. In 921, while the King—the Lady was dead—was fortifying so many points in other parts of England, a general movement, as it would seem, of the people of Essex, Kent, and Surrey, drove the Danes out of Colchester, and slew all that were in it, save some who escaped over the wall. After the Conquest, under the rule of Eudo, the son of Hubert of Rye—that Eudo who shared William's perilous ride as he escaped from Valognes, and who fills so great a place in the local history—the great abbey of St. John arose on the southern side of the town, followed after a few years by the growth of the priory of St. Botolph on the same side of the town, but closer under the walls. Contemporary with the abbey, the work most likely of the same founder, was the castle, the vastest, though by no means the most striking, of its class. In later history the annals of the abbey are ennobled by the fate of the last Abbot, who died, like mitred Whiting of Glastonbury, rather than betray his trust. And castle, abbey, town, and priory are all brought together in the last great event in the long history of the veteran colony. In the siege of 1648, the abbey, the possession of Sir Charles Lucas, the royalist—in 1648 one is tempted to say the rebel—defender of the town, became a post of the Parliamentary besiegers; the priory was brought to its present state of ruin by the besiegers' cannon, and the castle and its precinct were the scene of the death of Lucas and his companion. The disciple of Spelman must be puzzled whether to see in him a royalist martyr winning his crown, or a sacrilegious intruder falling under the curse of the founder of the abbey.

The main historic interest of Colchester is the abiding impress of its Roman origin. The chief lesson to be learnt by an examination of its remains is one which is taught by several Continental cities, but which Colchester brings out more strongly than any other place in England. This is the way in which certain forms of construction sometimes abide through all changes of architectural style, and of everything else. At Trier masonry of thoroughly Roman character is used at least up to the eleventh century; at Périgueux and some other of the cities of Southern Gaul it cannot be said to have ever gone out of use at all. So it is at Colchester; the masonry of the best preserved and most undoubted piece of the Roman wall is reproduced in its essential character in a neighbouring church tower of the fifteenth century. And between these two extremes lie a crowd of intermediate examples of the same law, among which the vast pile of the castle and the stately ruins of St. Botolph's Priory stand conspicuous. In going through the Colchester buildings we have to distinguish between three kinds of brickwork. There is, in the walls at least, real Roman brickwork left untouched in its place, parts of the defences which withstood the first East-Saxon attack. There are also, in many of the buildings, real Roman bricks which have been, as at St. Albans, used up again in new constructions. Lastly, it is quite plain that the art of brick-making either never died out or else came to life again on the old site, and that, at all events from the eleventh to the fifteenth century, bricks were made which more or less nearly imitated Roman models. The real Roman bricks can commonly be distinguished by the distinctive mortar cleaving to them, which is lacking in the others; besides this in the later work many bricks are intermingled of a size and thickness which we feel sure, so far from

being Neronian, cannot even be Stilichonian. But if, on the one hand, careful examination shows a large part of the bricks of Colchester to be of a later date than might be thought at first sight, it also proves, what is of far greater importance, how long the old Roman tradition of building went on on the old Roman site.

First of all among the buildings of Colchester come the walls. It would be rash to commit oneself to the assertion that every part of their circuit is strictly of Roman date; but it is certainly all—allowing of course for patchings here and there—of Roman work, and a great part, on the west side especially, is, one cannot doubt, Roman in date. That all is so it would be most rash to affirm. To say nothing of any later patchings, Edward the Elder, after the recovery of the town, is recorded to have repaired the wall, and he doubtless repaired it in close imitation of Roman brickwork, as his son repaired the walls of Exeter in close imitation of Roman masonry of stone. The walls, in their present state, are sadly shorn of their ashlar; and, simply because Colchester is an inhabited town, they nowhere stand up with the majesty of the forsaken walls of Anderida. The wall of Colchester is recorded in the long account of the inhabitants and customs of the town preserved in the Great Survey. Outside of it there lay the common land of the burgesses. As almost everywhere in Britain, the gates, save one plain arch on the west side, have utterly perished. There is nothing to set even against the New Port of Lincoln, far less against the mighty gateways of Trier, Aosta, or even Nîmes. Still the walls of Camalodunum are among our most precious remains of their time. The circuit is very nearly perfect; in some places they stand free; everywhere they can be seen by going down courts and alleys. As so often happens in these Roman towns, the old line of defence no longer answers to the actually inhabited space. As at Chester, there are void spaces and gardens within the walls, while in other parts the town has spread itself far beyond them. Modern Colchester spreads itself away from its river over the ground to the south. This is doubtless partly owing to the foundation of the castle, the precinct of which takes up a large part of the northern side of the town. For at Colchester we must talk of sides; we cannot, as we commonly can in a Roman *chester*, talk of quarters. There is, now at least, no strongly marked cross at Colchester, such as there is at Gloucester, Chichester, and the city which is specially Chester. Here again the foundation of the castle, and the large space taken up by its precincts, may well have disturbed the ancient arrangement. The successive enlargements of the ecclesiastical precinct have, in the same way, caused modern York to keep but little of the lines of ancient Eboracum.

The castle of Colchester has been in different ways specially lucky and specially unlucky. It is specially lucky in being well preserved and cared for, and in having its preservation secured by a large part of it being put to the reasonable and appropriate purpose of a local museum and library. It is specially unlucky in the silly dreams of which it has been made the subject, and in the results which those dreams once had on the building itself. Being built in Colchester, the castle is built largely of bricks which are Roman in at least the wider sense. On the strength of this fact a local antiquary some years back fancied, like Mr. Hepworth Dixon the other day at the Tower of London, that the building was Roman in date, and believed that the Norman castle was actually itself, as it stood, the Temple of Claudius. Delusions of this kind might have been passed by without notice by the modern inquirer, were it not that some nonsense about "podium" and "adytum" is still written up in the castle itself. Moreover, at one of the corners of the castle, some former owner, possessed, it would seem, with the same craze, has carried up the turret into something which might really pass for a tomb by the Appian Way or on the road from Caserta to Capua. But no sane person can doubt as to the date of the fortress of Colchester any more than as to the date of the fortress of London, though we have not at Colchester such minute records as those which Mr. Dixon tramples under foot in the case of the Tower of Gundulf. It is a castle of the square Norman type, but covering a greater expanse of ground than Rochester, or even than London. It is therefore low in proportion to its height; no one would think of calling it a tower. Its vast rectangular mass is broken only by the apsidal projection for the chapel in the east wall, as in the later example at Kidwelly; in the Tower of London the apse is made in the thickness of the wall. The style is plain throughout, with all the original windows of the narrowest and simplest Norman type. The inside is divided into two courts, but a dead wall divides them. There is nothing at Colchester like the arcades of William of Corboil, nothing even like those plainer arcades of Gundulf which so strangely reproduce in miniature the vast pile of St. Sernin at Toulouse. Far vaster in mere bulk, the castle of Colchester has nothing to compare with the architectural detail of that of Rochester, any more than it can rival it in the general effect which the Kentish keep owes to its grand position. The Colne is not the Medway, and the castle of Colchester does not overhang even the Colne. It does not soar over the town, but simply stands within its walls. Low and spreading, standing on the same level as the rest of the town, it is simply the chief among the buildings of the town, while the tower of Rochester looks down, with a distinct personality of its own, on church and city alike. Between the castle and the town wall lies the castle green, where Lucas and Lisle paid, by perhaps a hard

doom, the penalty of their broken faith. Stones mark, so it is said, the place both of the victims and of the firing party.

At Colchester, however, we must not be led away from our bricks even by thoughts of the great civil war. The castle is a study of the local use of Roman materials—the twofold sense of those words must never be forgotten. The bricks are used in various ways; a marked difference in their use may be seen in the upper and lower parts of the walls; but there is nothing to suggest any difference of date; all, we cannot reasonably doubt, is the work of Eudo. In the churches of all dates the bricks are largely used; but there are only two among them which call for any special notice. The first is Trinity Church, with a tower of distinctively Primitive type built chiefly out of the bricks. Its western doorway has a triangular head; the arch from the nave into the tower is St. Benet at Cambridge translated from stone into brick. But the midwall shafts, strange to say, are lacking; as if the mind of Colchester was so wholly set upon bricks that the art of turning a stone column was unknown there. The other and far greater and more famous piece of ecclesiastical brickwork is the ruined nave of the priory of St. Botolph. The eastern part of the church most likely perished at the Dissolution; and it is plain that the nave alone was both longer and higher than it is now. Its neighbour the mitred abbey was, to judge from surviving drawings, built after the same fashion; but that has utterly perished; a great gateway, of far later date, alone survives. As it is now, St. Botolph's comes next to St. Albans as an English example of ecclesiastical Romanesque in brickwork. One other piece of antiquity of the same date must be mentioned—a Romanesque house, called in the map by the strange name of "Hamos Saxon hall or curia," lying a little way out of the main street to the north. And, not many years back, Colchester is said to have had a treasure, common in Italy, but, one would think, unique in England, a town-hall or guild-hall of the same style. But of this the drawing of a single Romanesque doorway is the only monument.

TOUTS AND TURF CORRESPONDENTS.

A LETTER from a well-known and highly respectable trainer which appeared the other day in a sporting journal is very significant of the embarrassing conditions under which the racing of the day must be conducted. To his surprise the trainer came upon a paragraph in one of the racing papers intimating that one of his horses was indisposed. Now it was true enough that the animal had been slightly ailing, but it certainly had not occurred to Mr. Porter, the trainer in question, to publish the fact. Naturally he set to work to elucidate the mystery, and to find out which of the members of his establishment had taken the liberty of communicating with the press. It turned out on inquiry that a couple of his stable boys had been invited to spend an evening with the local Correspondent of a sporting journal, and that they had repaid their entertainer's kindly hospitality by helping him to intelligence for a sensational telegram. Whereupon Mr. Porter goes on to remark that this habit of pumping by touts and agents is being pushed to most intolerable lengths; that the blandishments and other seductions to which their virtue is exposed are too much for ordinary stable lads; and that he knows from his personal experience that this system of espionage disgusts many gentlemen who might otherwise be inclined to devote themselves to racing. No doubt Mr. Porter knows what he is talking about. As one of the most trusted trainers of the late Sir Joseph Hawley, he may have heard that gentleman speak his mind very frankly as to many of the abuses which he would gladly have reformed had he only received the support of the Jockey Club. But the fact is that, were the "purification" of the Turf taken in hand to-morrow, we do not see that Mr. Porter would be relieved from the annoyances of which he very naturally complains. Even if all racing men were admitted by ballot into a close corporation where the qualifications for membership were ample means and unblemished honour, touting and tampering would go on as briskly as before, if they did not, as is probable, receive a fresh impulse. For the outside public would continue to make their bets, and, as it might be assumed in that case that all horses would be run "on the square," it would be the better worth while to be enlightened as to their condition and the results of their trials. And the lights of a crack stable cannot be hidden under a bushel. Unfortunately it is one of the first necessities of training that you must have long stretches of springy ground for the gallops, and these can only be found on commons and downs from which it is impossible to exclude the inquisitive public. The horses must be taken out for their exercise, and they cannot elude the eager eyes which are watching for them with more or less of knowledge. If the weather is clear, racing-glasses may be directed on their action from commanding points of view, while each thicket of gorse in the foreground may conceal its spy. The cough which, as is fancied, came out of a favourite's chest, the slight halt in his gait when he has knocked his leg in the loose box, may set the telegraph wires vibrating in all directions; and even if his coat looks a little rougher than the breeze might account for, the circumstance is promptly reported for the benefit of those interested. Of course on the eve of a great event the emulous vigilance of the touting gentry is redoubled, and the irritation of the trainer increases

in proportion just when he is most painfully sensible of his responsibilities. To time a horse or to try him must be made a matter of subterfuge and strategy, and recourse must be had to all manner of vexatious expedients, which may often lead to deceptive conclusions. The trainer may have to rise in the darkness of the morning, announce his intention as a surprise, and order the horses out forthwith. Even then, for all he knows to the contrary, his stables have been picketed and his movements dogged. When he should be thinking of the trial and nothing else, his head is turning uneasily over his shoulder, and his eyes are wandering about, trying to penetrate the mist or detect enemies in the bushes. And, after all, may not the lads he has put up in the saddles be learning as much as himself, and can he trust them? For the class of assistants employed is even more likely to make secrecy impossible than the open training-ground. You must have a number of watchful eyes in your employment, whose vigilance you can hardly evade, because it is the business of their owners to be everywhere, and their ambition to let nothing escape them. What they do not know they guess. They throw themselves into their calling with an assiduity which may often be remarked in the idlest and laziest of scapegraces when they happen to devote themselves to an interest in horsemanship. Stable lads and apprentices may be steady enough as far as the hours they keep and their habits of living go, for it is the interest of the master to look to their morals as well as to their nerves and bodily condition. But they are compelled to breathe, to say the least of it, a tainted moral atmosphere. In a sport whose noblest patrons consider it no insult to be complimented on running their horses straight; where scandals are every now and then cropping up among gentlemen who are rich and ought to be respectable; where the most generous construction is put on the common phrase of "a good thing," and where the cleverness of a "plant" goes far to condone its rascality, it is no wonder that sharp stable lads on their promotion should be ready to trade on the secrets of the stable.

In former days people of this class were comparatively exempt from temptation. There was no one who greatly cared to tamper with such very small fry. The serious betting which discounted the chances of a field was confined, as a rule, to the greater events, and to a limited ring of gentlemen and professionals. The horses that carried the money of their stables were placed in the charge of attendants who had the confidence of their employers. One or two recognized organs of the Turf managed their reporting from the training districts openly and above-board. There were touts no doubt, but, generally speaking, they were in the pay of private speculators, and were only sent down on special occasions. On these occasions the owners and their trainers might sometimes venture to rise in self-defence, assuming the responsibility of overriding the law with sneaks and scamps whom the law's representatives would regard with very little favour. We can remember, for example, on the morning of an important trial that had got wind in some way or other, two noblemen had the surrounding covers beaten out by way of preliminary. They picked up all the gentlemen they flushed, deposited them in vans, drove them away, and finally uncared them at a safe distance. This incident took place not so very many years ago, but such high-handed expedients would be much less worth trying nowadays. For since then the fraternity of "Our Racing Correspondents" has amazingly increased with the journals that retain their honourable services. The old sporting weeklies still exist, and have to compete with some others of an equally high character; but besides these there is a number of cheap dailies which confine themselves strictly to the gossip of the Turf. They must fill their pages somehow, and they have to satisfy the hungry curiosity of the customers who are so ready with their pennies at the railway station of a morning. They are entered for a hot race for news with eager and unscrupulous rivals, and for news upon subjects in which their customers have a very deep personal interest. The City man, when he opens his *Times*, turns naturally in the first place to the money article, to note the fluctuations in the securities he holds, or in the commodities on which his trade profits are depending. As a rule, however, the City man may be said to be playing more or less upon velvet. He does not play for inordinately heavy stakes, and if he suffers a loss he can probably bear it. The purchasers of the cheap sporting papers are embarked in an infinitely more exciting line of business. Theirs is commonly wild speculation, and they are constantly occupied in trying to come to safe conclusions on the most shadowy and suspicious scraps of information. The odds are that, if their informants mislead them, they stand to lose all they have invested and a great deal more than they can comfortably afford. They are impecunious young officers, youths in offices, small tradesmen, struggling clerks, apprentices, and shop-boys. They know nothing in the world about the points or merits of any particular horse; as how should they? They are simply gambling upon abstractions on the strength of infallible prophecies and exceptional information from the training centres. Probably they blindly follow the lead of one favourite journal, which, on the whole, is about the wisest thing they can do; for if they attempt to reconcile the conflicting recommendations of many, they will only condemn themselves to much superfluous mental anxiety. At all events, the editor whom they single out for their guide knows more than they, and it is his interest to guess as shrewdly as possible. Although he writes of course with a serene affectation of infinite knowledge, he dare not ignore altogether the chapter of accidents, and facts would contradict him too flatly if he declared that each separate event could

be made matter of mathematical calculation. But if he stood father confessor to every trainer in the kingdom, he could scarcely assume with more confidence that he supplies his clients with as good information as each trainer may be supposed to possess. With him, as with the trainer, the problem is to make those comprehensive comparisons which shall forecast results to a nicety. Here the services of his local Correspondents come in to give him a commanding advantage. He digests and combines in judicial articles the information he gathers from a variety of quarters; but he prints his numerous despatches just as he receives them, in order that his readers may have the satisfaction of verifying his summing-up for themselves. A sensational item is worth anything to him. Very frequently, although it may be absolutely false or more or less ingeniously invented, nothing may perhaps occur to demonstrate its falsehood. A horse may be supposed to get the better of a cough, or he may strain a sinew and steadily mend again; and even if circumstances should plainly falsify an announcement, one rumour follows so fast upon another that the earlier fictions are forgotten in favour of later ones.

What sort of people these Correspondents may be, and how they set about their tasks, we can only imagine. But, as we may safely assume that they have not the gift of an Asmodeus, that they have not the privilege of penetrating the tiles of the stables to observe everything that is going forward within, we can only conclude that they draw on their imaginations when they do not content themselves with commonplace news. When we read that such or such a horse went out for his gallops, and to all appearance never went better, so far we feel we may trust them. Not that the information is worth much, for it is rather the exception when horses fairly break down, and then the ill-news travels apace. When, however, the touts tell us anything more important we take for granted that, in the words of the note so often appended to startling telegrams from abroad, the news "wants confirmation." But if news of consequence should be ultimately confirmed, it may be assumed that it has been come by in an underhand or dishonest way. We can understand how, in their anxiety to justify their honourable appointment and prove themselves worthy of their modest pay, the touts must lay themselves out to tamper with more or less ingenuous youth. We can imagine the sporting gentleman drawing boldly on his credit with his employers in "standing" glasses of gin and water to a couple of odorous stable boys, that he may open their hearts and seduce them into babbling. We have no doubt that trainers and owners have every reason to object to this system; but so long as the million will insist on being, as a body, the most munificent patrons of the Turf, we fear that it is more likely to be developed than repressed.

THE FOREIGN LOANS COMMITTEE.

THE Foreign Loans Committee has now, it would appear, completed its inquiries, and even those who in the first instance may have had doubts as to the prudence of the experiment will probably admit that it has so far been justified, by its results. By and by we shall of course have the Report of the Committee setting forth the conclusions at which it has arrived; but even if its labours were arrested at the present stage, it would still have rendered a service of the most useful kind by merely giving publicity to so much curious and instructive information on a subject of general interest. It may perhaps be thought that the Committee fell into a minor indiscretion in regard to the admission of an unattested letter as part of the evidence; but the irregularity has since been corrected by the writer of the letter coming forward as a witness, and, on the whole, the proceedings of the Committee have been conducted with caution and propriety. No one has been forced to give evidence against his will, nor have the witnesses who appeared been subjected to more than that gentle pressure which seemed to be required to make them explain their own meaning. There is no reason to suppose that the investigation has now been closed on account of any exhaustion of matter, but discretion has been shown in not prolonging it unnecessarily. A sufficient number of typical cases has been examined for the purpose of exhibiting the general character of the system, and though the Committee might have gone on taking evidence for weeks or months, this would only have added to the bulk of the Blue-book without throwing any new light on the subject under consideration. There is not much variety or invention in the management of financial operations, and the ordinary routine of syndicates, pocket-orders, and the employment of respectable agents to cover disreputable tricks is pretty closely followed in each case. The history of one great loan is very much the history of the rest, except as to the degree of recklessness with which the promoters may have operated, or the extent of the ruin which they may have spread. The general organization and processes of the business appear to be invariably of a stereotyped kind.

It cannot be said that the result of this inquiry has been to bring out much, or indeed anything, that is absolutely new. It was already known in a general way that a heavy toll was levied on any financial project passing through the City by a knot of speculators and brokers who played into each other's hands; but the mysterious inner circle of speculative finance has never before been so plainly and completely exposed to the public view. Everybody is now aware

how syndicates are formed, what "put and call" means, and how the market is rigged in order that simple investors may be duped by fictitious quotations. Apart from the more serious aspects of the subject, the evidence taken by the Committee almost equals that of the Tichborne case as a study of human nature. We have glimpses of struggling clerks in back alleys of the City suddenly blossoming into wealth, dealing in millions with great capitalists, and bestowing a generous patronage on art and racehorses. On the other hand, nothing can be more touching in its way than the incident of the eminent capitalist, eager to tell all he knows, but painfully restrained by physicians and Queen's Counsel tugging at his coat-tails, and entreating him to be silent. The gallant sailor who is also a barrister and financial agent, and who goes forth to battle with a wily world armed only with a noble simplicity of mind; the enterprising speculators who modestly suggest that, in addition to the command of the Stock Exchange at home, they should have a flotilla of gunboats placed at their disposal for service against foreign debtors, or it may be creditors; the mysterious go-between who has no profession in particular, but "takes an interest in any financial business he can," and who found the complicated accounts between the various persons concerned in the Honduras loans so trying that he succumbed to "nervous exhaustion, went to Germany, and read no newspapers"; and, above all, that unfortunate person who has 93,000*l.* of other people's money in his possession which he has been for years most anxious to surrender, only he has never been able to determine who ought to have it—all help to make up a very animated and amusing group of characters, such as would make the fortune of half-a-dozen novels. The main interest of the inquiry, however, naturally centres in the illustrations which it offers of the general course of financial operations; and it is fortunately possible to deal with this side of the subject without touching upon any personal questions of a delicate nature.

"We cannot protect the public; business is business"—this is pretty much the first and the last word of the evidence as to the relations of the Stock Exchange to various disreputable kinds of financial business; and it is spoken by Mr. de Zoete, the Chairman of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, who, it may be supposed, ought to know. When Mr. de Zoete was first examined, he was asked whether, if one broker were authorized by the contractors of a loan to sell at 1½ premium and another to buy at the same, and if these transactions were published under the authority of the Stock Exchange as genuine dealings, that would be considered a healthy state of things, and he replied that he could not say it would be. Again, he was asked what his Committee would do if they knew that there was an agreement that the contractors of a loan were to take back nineteen-twentieths and sell it at 12 per cent. less than the issue price to a person who would then sell it at a premium, perhaps through members of the Stock Exchange; and he replied that he could hardly imagine such a case, but "possibly" the Committee would not grant a settlement. The subsequent confessions of other witnesses show very clearly that such practices have not only been quite common, but that the Stock Exchange has given them every encouragement; and at the close of the investigation, and in the face of all the disclosures which have been made, Mr. de Zoete comes forward to declare that "business is business"—in other words, that the Stock Exchange exists solely for the purpose of enabling its members to make a good living, no matter what may be the character of the transactions to which they lend their countenance and protection. What sort of business the Stock Exchange is in the habit of doing will be gathered from various instances which were brought before the Committee. It is well known that the power of the Stock Exchange in a great measure depends on the authority which it has assumed to refuse a quotation to any stock except on certain conditions which it has laid down. One of its rules is that an application for a special settling day for bargains in foreign loans must be accompanied by a certificate from the contractors or agents stating the amount allotted to the public, and that the loan has been publicly negotiated by tender, contracts, and otherwise. This, it must be remembered, not a rule which has been imposed on the Committee of the Stock Exchange from the outside. It was framed by itself in the days when it still believed itself to be the guardian of public honesty, and the necessity for such a rule is sufficiently obvious. The object is, of course, to provide some security that the goods which are brought into the market shall be genuine and substantial goods, and not mere fictitious values; and the Stock Exchange cannot complain that its conduct should be tested by its own regulations. Now it is perfectly clear from the inquiries of the Select Committee that this regulation is practically a dead letter, and that it constantly happens that quotations are granted to loans which have not been taken up by the public, but are still under the hatching care of a private syndicate. In the various cases which were investigated by the Committee, the course of action was almost uniformly the same. A foreign Government arranges with a contractor for a loan to a certain amount; the contractor comes to terms with a number of capitalists, who advance the money necessary for preliminary operations; and a loan is then publicly brought out for a very much larger amount than that which is to go to the Government in whose name it is raised. The next step is to make the bonds "marketable," that is to say, to force them up to fictitious premiums by means of sham dealings. The syndicate places a large amount of bonds at the disposal of various brokers, some of whom are authorized to sell and others to buy. The effect of such transactions is of course precisely the same as when a

man passes a piece of money from one hand to another. When buyer and seller are thus acting in collusion, it is easy to establish any nominal prices that may be agreed upon; and simple people outside the ring who do not know the sort of game which is being played are led to fancy that these are the real prices of the market, and an honest measure of the value of the bonds.

The whole affair is of course obviously a fraud, and it is impossible to imagine a more forcible illustration of the evil influences of the system under which it is practised than the readiness of men of reputation and position to come forward and justify it. In regard to the Costa Rica loans, Mr. Kirkman Hodgson asked Mr. Fleming, of Robinson, Fleming, and Co., "If you sell 5,000 bales of jute, and your partner buys 3,500 in, is that a sale of 5,000 or 1,500?" The witness at first said it was a sale of 5,000 bales, but after some hesitation, he was obliged to admit that it was really a sale of only 1,500 bales; but he denied that there was any analogy between such a transaction and buying back on 'Change. It must be evident, however, to any reasonable person, that the two cases are strictly parallel, and Mr. Hodgson showed this very clearly. "The Government of Paraguay," he said, "issues a loan, and at the same time secretly gives orders to its agents to buy back; they do buy back three-quarters, and then declare to the public that the whole of the loan has been allotted, whereas 75 per cent. has been returned." Baron Erlanger, who argued that these fictitious purchases were "very real," when asked whether people would have applied if they had thought that the loan had gone back into the hands of the persons issuing it to such an extent as it had done, replied that "it was very material to the public that a certain amount should be placed, and whether it was placed in the hands of Peter or Paul was perfectly immaterial." "There are plenty," he added, "who go in because they see a premium." In this view of the case the fact is ignored that the placing is not a solid transaction, but a pretence, and that the premium is simply a lie, deliberately concocted in order to defraud the public. Mr. Albert Grant also ventured upon some rather remarkable statements on this point. He actually went so far as to say that he could not see how a man holding a Government bond of 500*l.* was worse off because the Government raised only 562,000*l.* instead of 2,000,000*l.*; but he was forced to admit that when a railway had to be made, it was desirable that there should be sufficient funds for the purpose; and also that when a man bought a bond part of its value was dependent on the means and credit of the borrowing Government, and that the fact that the Government was secretly paying a high price to the agents depreciated its credit. But then he tried to qualify this admission by saying that it was only experts who could understand these things, and that the miscellaneous public looked only at the prospectus. This, however, would seem to be the more reason why the prospectus should tell the truth, in order that the public may know the real conditions of the bargains in which it is invited to take part. He also remarked that borrowing was generally a private transaction; but it is obviously absurd to call a public loan, based on a published prospectus, a private affair. All that is asked is that the prospectus should honestly state the circumstances of the case.

Mr. Cazenove was pushed up even more helplessly into a corner. He was asked why the rule that all contracts of promoters of Joint-Stock Companies should be disclosed in the prospectus should not be applied to foreign loans, and all he could say was that it would affect a mercantile house materially to have its contracts published, and that foreign Governments might not like it. He took the case of a Government arranging with a leading house to whom they already owed 3,000,000*l.*, and asked, "Why should the public know that the Government had been owing the house that money for, say, a year?"—that is to say, why should the public which is asked to lend money be allowed to know the true financial position of the borrower? We should imagine that it is only people like Mr. Cazenove who are capable of asking such a question, or requiring an answer. He afterwards acknowledged that, if it was known that a Government which offered bonds to the public at 80 was selling them to other persons at 64, and none "taken firm," nobody would subscribe. And then he fell back on what is, in fact, the only argument of the Stock Exchange—to impose any restrictions would be to drive away "good business." Mr. Cazenove should have remembered that, as in the fable of the boys and the frogs, what is fun on one side is ruin on the other. He also went on with characteristic logic to predict that the revenue of the country would suffer under the head of profits made from trade if any check were placed upon Stock Exchange transactions, just as if the money would not equally yield trade profits in other hands.

Mr. Lowe has summed up very pithily and distinctly the general result of this inquiry in the question, "Does not the evidence come to this, that there are a number of persons who wish to borrow, and some who wish to lend, and that there are other persons who stand between and hinder?" And this Mr. Cazenove could not deny. "Well, then," said the Chairman, "would not bringing the lender and the borrower into direct communication be an improvement, so that, even without the intervention of a broker, a man might come and get scrip?" In point of fact, this is sometimes done already; and there can be no doubt that the possibility of providing for a general extension of this principle is the practical issue which has now to be decided.

ADMIRAL SHERARD OSBORN.

THE life of Rear-Admiral Sherard Osborn comprised nearly all the professional experience that it was possible in these quiet times to attain. He made two voyages to the Arctic Seas, he served actively and with great distinction in the Black Sea during the Russian war, and he performed a particularly valuable service in China in 1857. He had thus proved his energy and fertility of resource under a great variety of circumstances, and he was naturally regarded as capable of high command, in case our navy should be called upon to take part in a European war. So long as officers of his type are plentiful in our service, we need not greatly fear the effect of changes in the art of war, provided that we maintain an adequate fleet of ships of the most approved construction. We may be sure that, with anything like equality of material force, the invention and audacity of British seamen will assert their old superiority over all European rivals. But still it must be remembered that we have not, and cannot have, anything like that reserve of naval strength which we possessed when our navy maintained unshaken supremacy at sea, and this fact renders all comparisons between the present and the past deceptive. Our ships, as far as they go, are at least as good as the ships of any other Power. We have, it may be hoped, many officers to command them as Sherard Osborn would have done. But in a great war the demands on our navy would be heavier and more various than they have ever been before, and we have not anything like the number of ships to meet those demands that we used to have.

Sherard Osborn entered the navy in 1837, and had opportunities of gaining much valuable experience in the next twelve years. In 1845 public attention began to be powerfully attracted towards the Arctic seas. Enterprising servants of the Hudson's Bay Company had explored in a series of journeys the mainland from Behring's Straits eastwards to the Great Fish or Back's River, and had ascertained that there was a line of coast washed by sea. Here, then, was the long-desired passage northward of America discovered as far as Back's River, and all that was wanted to complete it was the establishment of a communication between that point and Barrow's Strait or Melville Sound, which had been traversed by Parry in his first voyage, coming from the East. It seemed but a short link that was wanting to complete the chain, and the Admiralty was persuaded to send out one more expedition under Sir John Franklin, whose disaster was the cause of several other expeditions, which afforded to young officers opportunities of acquiring experience of the highest value. In May 1845 Sir John Franklin sailed from the Thames for Baffin's Bay, whence he confidently hoped to make his way to Behring's Straits. No news had come from him in 1848; alarm was felt, and energetic steps were taken for his relief. One expedition under Captain Kellett was sent up the Pacific to Behring's Straits to work eastward in the hope of meeting Franklin. Another under Sir James Ross was sent up Baffin's Bay to follow as nearly as might be in Franklin's track. Both these expeditions failed. Grave apprehensions began to prevail, and as the honour of the naval service was concerned to rescue comrades who, if alive, must be exposed to fearful hardship, the Admiralty was inundated with proposals from officers to search the Arctic seas. Among the plans submitted to the Admiralty was one by Lieutenant Sherard Osborn, who mentioned "Felix Harbour, the Great Fish River, and Simpson's Strait," as places where it was likely that the missing travellers might be found. In January 1850 Captain Collinson, in the *Enterprise*, and Commander McClure, in the *Investigator*, sailed for Behring's Straits, intending to work thence to the eastward. The *Investigator* made her way from the west to within thirty miles of water which Parry had reached from the east, and Commander McClure explored by land, and satisfied himself that a channel existed to complete the passage, although it was then blocked by ice. The *Investigator* lay in Prince of Wales's Strait, and communication thence with Melville Sound, which Parry had reached from Baffin's Bay, was only barred by ice. Thus the North-Western Passage was discovered. The summer of 1851 did not release the ship. She only shifted her position to the Bay of Mercy, where she passed her second winter. In the spring of 1852 Commander McClure with a sledging party crossed the ice to Melville Island, which had been Parry's winter quarters, and there found a notice left by Captain Austin, the leader of another expedition which had been sent out in the preceding year, and in which Sherard Osborn served. The *Investigator* passed a second winter in the Bay of Mercy, and in 1853 relief came from another and larger expedition sent out from England. Hope of saving Franklin had now been almost abandoned, and serious alarm was felt for Collinson and McClure. It was determined, therefore, in 1852, to send four ships under Sir Edward Belcher, which on their arrival in the Arctic seas were to divide themselves so as to search in both north and west at the same time. Two of these ships under Captain Kellett, searching to the westward, discovered the *Investigator* and rescued her crew, but left the ship fixed immovably in the ice. The other two ships commanded by Sir Edward Belcher, and having among the officers on board of them Lieutenant Sherard Osborn, penetrated towards the north and north-west, and wintered to the north of Bathurst Land. Next spring Sir Edward Belcher sent out travelling parties under Commander Richards, Lieutenant Sherard Osborn, and other officers,

who traversed a great extent of land, much of which was previously unsurveyed, but failed to find any traces or gather any intelligence of Franklin and his ships. But little progress was made this summer by the ships. They were compelled again to winter in the ice, and next year Sir Edward Belcher determined to abandon not only the ships under his immediate command, but also those under the command of Captain Kellett. Accordingly he concentrated the crews of all the ships at a point to which other ships had been sent from England, and embarked them there and brought them home. Meanwhile Captain Collinson, in the *Enterprise*, from which the *Investigator* had parted company, had entered Behring's Straits, made an independent discovery of the North-Western passage, but, being blocked by ice nearly in the same region as the *Investigator*, turned back to the westward, emerged from Behring's Straits, and returned to England. After the return of all these expeditions news was obtained from Esquimaux that a large party of white men had died of starvation on the banks of the Great Fish River. Hereupon Lady Franklin sent out a steamer-yacht commanded by Captain McClintock, and a sledging party sent out by him, directing its course towards Cape Felix, found tents, blankets, clothes, and other relics, and, further on, a cairn, in which was a tin case containing a paper with a brief narrative of the doings and sufferings of Franklin and his crews, coming down to the day on which the survivors started from that spot on their last journey to the Great Fish River. It will be remembered that Sherard Osborn, in his plan submitted to the Admiralty, had named Felix Harbour and the Great Fish River as places where Franklin's crews were likely to be found. Remarkable evidence was thus afforded of his professional skill and insight.

The practical training of two Arctic voyages prepared Sherard Osborn for service of another kind which followed. Within a few months after his return to England he was appointed commander of the steam-sloop *Vesuvius*, and attached to the fleet employed in the Crimean war. A good idea of the sort of work he had to do may be gained from a passage of one of Captain Marryatt's novels which describes a fight between the boats of an English frigate and some horse artillery belonging to the army corps of Marshal Davoust, who held command at Hamburg. In the spring of 1855 Commander Osborn was placed in command of a squadron of steamers employed in the blockade of Kertch. Shortly afterwards he took part in the capture of that place, where vast stores collected for the Russian army in Sebastopol were destroyed. A light squadron was now employed on similar service in the Sea of Azov. It was commanded by Captain Lyons, and on that officer's lamented death Commander Osborn succeeded him. At almost every available point on the sides of that inland sea were collected enormous magazines of every kind of provisions which could be supplied either by the waters in front or by the fertile plains in the rear. Hay, corn, and salted fish were there accumulated in vast quantities; while excellent roads ran round the coast by which these stores were almost daily conveyed to the Crimea. Commander Osborn traversed this little sea with astonishing celerity, performing every kind of service, burning stores, shelling batteries, measuring the speed and power of his little vessels with troops of Cossack cavalry, and coasting along and driving them with his long-range guns from point to point, till he convinced them that they could neither preserve the stores entrusted to them nor protect themselves from severe loss. At Gheisk, corn and hay were stacked for full four miles along the coast, and nearer the town were piles of timber, cured fish, naval stores, and boats. A considerable force of infantry and cavalry was collected for the protection of this town. Captain Osborn (he had been promoted to post rank during this campaign) anchored his gunboats as close to the shore as he could, landed his seamen and marines in four divisions at intervals of a mile, and directed them to advance simultaneously upon the enemy's defences. The Russians fought resolutely, keeping up a steady fire of musketry till our men closed with them; but fortunately the wind blew in shore, and carried the smoke of our guns, and of the burning stores also, when they began to take fire, into the eyes of the enemy, hindering them from seeing our proceedings. The whole of the vast magazines were utterly destroyed. With the approach of winter, Captain Osborn withdrew his squadron from the Sea of Azov, expecting next year to return and perform even more destructive operations. But before that time the war was over. The prostration of the Russian armies in the Crimea, which convinced the Czar of the impossibility of maintaining the contest, was due in no small degree to the destruction of all their sources of supply in the Sea of Azov.

In the spring of 1857, on news of a rupture with China, Captain Osborn was appointed to the *Furious*, and directed to escort a squadron of gunboats to Hong Kong. He performed this difficult service without disaster; the gunboats changed the character of the war, and in all the successful operations which followed Captain Osborn took a prominent part. After the treaty of Tientsin was made, Lord Elgin resolved to ascend the river Yang-tse-kiang, ostensibly to judge what ports on its banks he should require to be opened to our trade, but having also in view the diffusion of a belief in our irresistible power which the sight of a British squadron in those waters could not fail to produce. The Admiral employed on this service Captain Barker of the *Retribution*, who had under his command the *Furious* and other vessels. The squadron ascended above Nankin; but the *Retribution* was too deep in the water to proceed further, so the other ships, under Captain Osborn in the *Furious*, went on without her. The

intricacy of the navigation increased daily; but all difficulties yielded to Osborn's persevering resolution and seamanlike skill. Commander Ward, too, surveyed the channel with great diligence and accuracy; and, piloted by him, the squadron reached Hankow, six hundred miles above Nankin, in safety. The descent of the river was equally well managed, and the voyage produced on the Chinese the impression desired by Lord Elgin.

After this service Captain Osborn's health failed, and he came home. In 1864 he was appointed to the *Royal Sovereign*, a vessel adapted to test the new system of turrets proposed by Captain Cowper Coles. Captain Osborn reported that 12-ton guns had been used successfully at sea, and otherwise showed the excellence of the turret system, but the ship was soon afterwards paid off. In 1871 he was appointed to command the *Hercules*, one of the finest of our cruising ironclads, but he was obliged to ask to be relieved before the term of his command expired. In 1873 he became rear-admiral.

His sudden death ends a remarkable career. He seems to have had all the qualities which in former ages made distinguished admirals, and especially an open mind receptive of all the new ideas of an age which has made perpetual changes in shipbuilding and gunnery. While we lament the loss of this valuable officer, we derive comfort from this review of his career, because it shows that the old skill and spirit of our navy lived in him and, we believe, in many others, his comrades in the exploits which made him famous.

THE LOSS OF THE SCHILLER.

IT is difficult to say anything new on such an event as the loss of the *Schiller*. The demand for quick passages causes risks to be incurred which every now and then turn out disastrously. Repeated warnings have been given during the last few years, and they remain unheeded. The story of the present calamity is simple in the extreme. During the three days preceding it the weather was so thick that no observations could be taken. On the night of Friday week the fog suddenly increased, and in fifteen minutes it was impossible to see the length of the steamer. Sails were at once taken in, the engines were reduced to half-speed, and the number of men on the look-out was increased. This account of what was done and left undone is derived from the officers of the ship, who may be supposed to consider it satisfactory. Whether it ought to be so considered will perhaps appear by reference to our own experience of fogs on land. London in winter is sometimes wrapped in fog so dense, that a coachman cannot see the length of his own carriage and horses in front of him, and perhaps at the same time the suburbs, or some of them, may be tolerably clear. Suppose that a coachman driving into town at the rate of ten miles an hour comes suddenly into dense fog, and thereupon opens his eyes as wide as he can, and reduces his speed to five miles an hour. If a collision occurred, that coachman would not be absolved from blame. It would be said that he ought to have stopped or turned back, or at least to have proceeded at a walk, and employed a person to walk at his horses' heads with a light. The only difference between this case and that of a steamship is that in the former a carriage and horses and two or three persons are in peril, whereas in the latter a fine new iron ship, a valuable cargo, and 355 lives are staked upon a hazardous experiment. When the matter is thus looked at, it seems almost incredible that so great danger should be incurred for so inadequate an object. In the case of the carriage, we should feel that it was hard to lose our dinner-party or theatre, but still better than that broken bones. But in the case of the steamer the paramount object is to keep time at Plymouth, and everything is made subservient to that. It is known throughout the vessel that the Scilly Isles are near, and the officers at any rate must know that a ship, and particularly an iron ship, among the granite rocks of Scilly would fare like a China bowl travelling by rail in company with saucepans. At great risk and cost a lighthouse has been established and maintained upon one of these rocks, and it is said that on a clear night the light of it may be seen sixteen miles. It is also said that on the night of Friday week this light could not be seen half a mile. It would seem that under such circumstances navigation ought to be conducted as it was when there were no lighthouses, and if captains of steamships would only adopt this principle, such shipwrecks as this of the *Schiller* would be avoided. If you cannot see where you are going, you should lie-to till you can; and if you cannot get into port to-morrow, you must wait till next day or next week; and you should think this better than not getting into port at all. Of course if it were the case of a man-of-war on urgent service more risk may be incurred; but then it may be minimized by the use of precautions which centuries have made familiar. But this is only a commercial steamer with a character for punctuality to maintain. It is believed that the Scilly Isles are so near that the light ought under ordinary circumstances to be visible. It is known that dead-reckoning is liable to error, and that there is often a current near those isles which cannot be exactly estimated. These are the dangers on the left hand, while on the right hand there is unlimited sea-room. The vessel is under perfect command, and an alteration of her course would make her safe; but then she may be delayed in reaching Plymouth, and her approach will not be signalled from Scilly according to custom. So she proceeded until the increase of fog caused alarm. Her engines were now reduced to half-speed, her course was altered,

and the number of look-out men, who could not see the ship's length, was increased. Almost immediately afterwards the ship struck heavily on the Retarrier ledge, it being about 10 o'clock at night. It seems that the right thing was done, but done too late. The ship was known to be approaching a cluster of rocks and islands covering fifty or sixty square miles, and as likely to catch her as a net behind wicket is to stop a cricket-ball. Her course had been S.E. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E., and according to the evidence taken by the Receiver of Wreck, it was altered at 9:30 P.M., only half an hour before she struck, to S.S.W. Her new course would make an angle little less than a right angle with her former course. The object of this change of course must have been to give a wide berth to the Scilly Isles, but unfortunately the course for making a quick passage had been held too long. There was ample sea-room in the south-west, if only the ship's head had been turned to it rather earlier. It is remarkable that this change of course was not mentioned in the first accounts published of the wreck. It is a fact of great significance, and it can hardly be doubted that the right thing was done, but done too late.

It has, however, been reasonably asked why, if commercial steamers will run these risks, they do not adopt precautions which are traditional in men-of-war. We hear nothing about the use of either the "deep sea lead" or the "hand lead" on board the *Schiller*. Yet the use of both under uncertainty or difficulty has been the means of safety to our cruisers from early times. We will take the first instance which occurs, which is that of Commodore Anson in 1741, feeling his way from Brazil round Cape Horn to assail the Spaniards in the Pacific. The historian of his voyage tells us that when they had passed the latitude of the river Plate, they had soundings all along the coast of Patagonia, "these soundings, when well ascertained, being of great use in determining the position of the ship." They noted the depth and also the nature of the bottom, which is exactly what it is said should have been done on board the *Schiller*. The only difference was that Anson did this more for the benefit of others than of himself. But still his conduct shows that the practice of taking soundings was familiar in the Royal navy a hundred and thirty years ago. The very next page of the same narrative shows how careful seamen managed in a fog. They had so thick a fog that it was impossible to see two ship's lengths, and the whole squadron disappeared. On this a signal was made, by firing guns, to bring to top the larboard tacks. "We ourselves immediately handed the topsails, bunted the mainsail, and lay to under a reefed mizen till noon, when the fog dispersed." The ship thus managed sailed into the Pacific, harried the Spaniards, made a valuable prize, and got safe home; but if she had preferred haste to speed, she would have been lost long before reaching the scene of her destined service. We have accumulated enormous stores of knowledge since that time; but we are too much in a hurry to make use of our knowledge. Hold your course and run the chance is the rule on which ocean steamers are now navigated. The sea round the Scilly Isles is as well known as any sea can be. The depths and nature of bottom are no doubt marked on charts, and it is open to any captain who has the requisite apparatus to do what Anson did off the coast of Patagonia. If he did this he would find out his position, at least well enough to show him what course not to steer. An island does not, except very rarely, jump up sheer out of profoundly deep water, and besides the Scilly Isles are many and widely spread. Soundings carefully taken might be expected to indicate a ship's approach to these islands, and, indeed, we are told by Professor Thomson in the *Times* that the fifty-fathom line of soundings is four miles distant from the Retarrier ledge, while a naval officer states that soundings of eight or ten fathoms might have been got shortly before the ship struck. We await further information as to what was done or not done on board the *Schiller*. The Captain did his duty diligently, and died courageously, but there seems to have been something wanting, not in him, but in the system which he worked. If commercial steamers will run risks only proper for men-of-war, they should take similar precautions, and this, it appears, they do not do.

It avails not to follow the miserable narrative of what happened after the ship struck. There was the usual terror and confusion, more than half the boats were destroyed or rendered useless, and only two, or at most three, got away from the ship. The passengers and crew mostly took refuge in the pavilion or the masts. Unhappily it was near low water when the ship struck, and as the tide rose it gradually drowned those whom the upper works for a time preserved. An iron ship breaks up rapidly among rocks, and when she sinks there is almost nothing floating to which a man may cling. Even the masts, being of iron, disappeared as soon as they fell over the side. It may, however, be justly answered that ships are built to cross the ocean, and not to be dashed against saw-like granite rocks. The ship was well supplied with life-belts, and some of the survivors owed their lives to them. The only effect of the guns fired was that the signalman on shore supposed that the *Schiller* was passing all right, and telegraphed accordingly. When help came it was too late to save more than a few men, who still kept themselves afloat. Out of 355 passengers and crew only 43 were saved. The women, all but one, perished. It may be said, perhaps, that a better system of signalling from the ship, or a better look-out on shore, would have brought help sooner, and saved many lives. It may be said also that some system should be adopted to prevent the ruinous confusion which arose on board after the ship struck. Certainly, if ships are to be managed

on the principle of saving time at any risk, passengers should be instructed how to behave in case of shipwreck. With all the Atlantic behind and around her, this ship went and knocked her head against the rocks of Scilly. Germans are not generally in a hurry, and it may be hoped that they will take measures to have their Atlantic trade more prudently conducted.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

WE do not quite agree with those who pronounce the picture of the year to be Mr. Long's "Babylonian Marriage Market" (482). Yet no composition has proved so popular, save Miss Thompson's battle-piece. The artist is particularly fortunate in his subject. Herodotus records a custom among the ancient Assyrians which he declares to be the wisest he ever heard of, whereby husbands were found at public auction, not only for the youngest and most beautiful women, but also for the oldest and the ugliest. The arrangement, which commends itself alike for its ingenuity and simplicity, was that the high prices paid by the rich for the fair should be transferred as a dowry to the ill-favoured ones, and thus it is said "the rich man's taste was the poor man's gain." The picture opens with a foreground whereon are ranged in a row the aspirants for matrimony at any price; the scene is supposed to be laid at Babylon, but we have observed similar specimens of humanity at Thebes and Cairo imported from Nubia; indeed, anthropologists have a right to object that the races do not belong so much to the Tigris and Euphrates as to the banks of the Nile, while the girl standing for view on the auction platform has the fairness of a Circassian; but perhaps this, in common with other markets, was supplied by the importation of exotics from afar. It may be further objected that the painter seems to have taken his art and gathered his materials from experiences in Spain, and possibly also in Morocco or Algiers, rather than from such historic monuments as the Nineveh marbles now in the British Museum; in short, his motives are modern; the picture might have been painted by some Murillo of the nineteenth century. But after making every deduction for errors almost inevitable, we cannot but recognize in the beauty of the forms a fine æsthetic sense, and in the general treatment much artistic skill. Beauty is properly made to prevail among the women—some, in fact, little more than children—while ugliness has been appropriately shunted into a corner; yet if we may judge from smiles in faces which cannot be a fortune, the chances for matrimony were formerly more evenly balanced than now. It may seem far from the mark to seek from the picture a moral, especially as few didactic pictures are worth anything in point of art; but this we will say, that we have never before seen a subject which lies on the confines of license treated with more decorum. The lady submitted for sale—in skin the fairest of the fair—and displayed in the process of being undraped by a swarthy slave—appeals *not to passion, but simply to the sense of beauty. And the spectators, for the most part coming for business, seem intent on their bargains. M. Gérôme and other French artists would have sought a sensation somewhere between allurements and repulsion; here in this English picture we recognize a higher sentiment, while the art is not lower.

Beauty of form, romance in sentiment, and warmth of colour are borrowed as heretofore from Southern climates or from Eastern kingdoms. The further an artist goes northwards the worse he fares in these respects; and it is a singular fact that while Scotch metaphysicians are given to æsthetics, Scotch artists seem to be denied the æsthetic sense altogether, as witness such works, excellent notwithstanding in many ways, as "Too Good to be True" (153), by Mr. Orchardson, A.R.A.; "Jacobites" (1217), by Mr. Pettie, R.A.; "Always Tell the Truth" (561), by Mr. Nicol, A.R.A.; "Highland Pasturage" (49), by Mr. Peter Graham; and "Strayed Sheep" (288), by Mr. MacWhirter. Unfortunately Mr. Faed, R.A., is absent, otherwise we should have had the pleasure of adding his name to the list of Scotch artists who seek character at the expense of beauty, and cultivate realism in total contempt for idealism. The disciples in this Northern school, with few exceptions, also love darkness rather than light, not precisely because their deeds are evil, but because, born and nurtured among mountains and mists, the light-giving sun comes as an exceptional accident in nature. Contrasted with these men who put their genius under a cloud are the artists who turn their faces southwards to the sun and flood their canvases with light, such as Mr. Goodall, R.A., Mr. Leighton, R.A., Mr. Hodgson, A.R.A., Mr. Long, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Topham, and Mr. W. V. Herbert. We were about to include Mr. Brett, for this year, in his romantic yet realistic landscape, "Spire and Steeples of the Channel Islands" (497), he has again chosen one of those happy moments in our Northern climate when the spectator might easily imagine himself transported to the shores of the blue Mediterranean.

The Southern and sunny aspirations of our English school reach a zenith in the refulgent atmosphere which Mr. Goodall, R.A., has cast around "Rachel and her Flock" (218). Rachel, it is written, "was beautiful and well favoured," and here she comes with her father's sheep to water them at the well. She is seen gliding gracefully over an undulating, open tract of pasturage; the landscape land which, from the time of the patriarchs down to the present day, remains in the rude simplicity of nature. The sky has the serenity which seems to pertain to those primeval plains, and

the flocks follow in the steps of the shepherd as in the times of the Hebrew psalmist. The artist has been at great pains to preserve an unbroken unity of sentiment; no discord breaks upon the idyl. Indeed so completely has Mr. Goodall settled his style that we need scarcely add that in a similar spirit he has embodied "A Seller of Doves" (582), and the figure of "A Blind Fakier on the Day of Palm Offering" (586).

Mr. Leighton is another of our artists who tends more and more to typical forms and to a colour responsive to some paramount idea. These conditions consort pleasingly in "The Venetian Girl" (354), a small head which owes nothing to classic art save as it is universal, and little to the school of Giorgione or Veronese, except so far as the spirit of romance happily descends from medieval to modern times. The head is a gem, almost a cameo, though not in profile; its finished beauty bespeaks unerring taste. "Little Fatima" (345) is inferior; and wholly in a different mood has been conceived "The Eastern Slinger at Moonrise scaring Birds in the Harvest-time" (398). Here a nude peasant, burnt by the sun to the colour of baked clay, is seen on a platform above a field of golden corn crying aloud and raising his arm, sling in hand. The figure is assailable in more senses than one; it stands as a terror to the birds which prey upon the corn, and it starts up into the leaden yet lurid sky as a surprise to spectators who in Academies are taught to look for something more conventional. The picture is experimental and daring rather than pleasing or satisfactory. The figure in its isolation appears as a fragment snatched from some larger composition. It might in fact almost find a place among the grand wall paintings of Signorelli at Orvieto. The attitude is that of an athlete; the muscles are sharp and rigid in tension; in short, this Eastern slinger belongs to the same order of creations as the discoboli in classic art and the soldiers surprised while bathing as seen in the cartoon of Michael Angelo.

Religious art is again on the verge of extinction, yet we cannot refrain from paying a tribute in passing to noble conceptions by Mr. Watts, R.A. Christ, after the imaginative manner of the Old Masters, is placed mid-air among clouds. The head, though it differs somewhat from the accepted type, is expressive of love mingled with sorrow; one hand points towards the heart, as if to say, How much I have suffered, and how great is My love, while the other is held out as if to draw all men unto Him. Beneath the drapery nestle children, a common symbol of universal charity. The idea, as usual with this artist, is not so much carried out in detail as indicated in broad generalization. Yet we receive the attempt gladly as the forestalment of a project to illustrate through pictorial art the thoughts and deeds which from age to age have proved potent in the progress of humanity. But while nowadays the world may have special need of such teaching, we cannot but feel that it can ill afford to lose the individual studies by which Mr. Watts has raised the art of portrait-painting to a high intellectual aim. We still entertain the hope that an imaginative art may not prove incompatible with more imitative work. Titian and Raffaele painted portraits while they were severally occupied with the "Triumph of Ariadne" and the "Disputa del Sacramento." In truth, portraiture falls well into historic painting, just as biography has often been carried on conjointly with the writing of history. We may add to the very few pictures which have even remote religious tendencies, a refined and careful composition which takes its text from the Proverbs, in the words "Children's Children are the Crown of Old Men" (226). Mr. Dobson's art is a not unpleasant compromise; it is akin to the school of Raffaele; it lies between Sassoferrato and the modern Germans; of late Mr. Dobson's flesh tones and draperies have gained in transparency and colour. We regret to remark that the Academy again presents few sights more melancholy than Mr. Thorburn's aspirations to religious art. We should simply pass by as unworthy of notice the weak canvas which assumes the ambitious title of "The Recording Angel" (1198), did it not usurp a place on the line to the exclusion of works far more worthy. Such art, if art it can be called, is on a level with the well-meant efforts of masons to promote piety on tombstones.

A generic school which for want of a better term may be called antiquarian rather than strictly historic has fortunately obtained a footing within the Academy and other Exhibitions. It is not strictly historic, because the characters are often imaginary beings; but it is archeologic, inasmuch as remains first brought to light by the excavator, and then placed as dead objects in museums, are conjured into life by the creative powers of the painter. This style is by no means indigenous to the English soil; like much that is good, it has a foreign origin. Ingres in his later years resuscitated the domestic life of the old Romans; and followers in the same track still survive in Paris. In London a leading representative of the class is Mr. Alma-Tadema, correctly described in a German Dictionary of Contemporaries as "ein Schüler von Baron Leys der malt mit archäologischer Treue Scenen aus dem Privatleben der Römer, Griechen und Aegypter." "Water Pets"—fish in a small pond—(502) is a composition which exemplifies the archeologic proclivities of the painter; here the human interest is subordinate to the accessories; the face and the figure of the lady, who lies not very elegantly at full length prone on her stomach, are not so well drawn or painted as the draperies and mosaics. The artist's strength rests in his illusive realism, and perhaps even more in a constructive faculty whereby out of fragmentary and scattered materials he can build up a picture which a Roman living in the time of the Empire might see little to find fault with. Mr. Alma-Tadema gathers his data

from the best sources; his portfolios are filled with studies of floor mosaics, wall-paintings and marbles decorative in colour or statuesque in form. Here, for example, he introduces a plateau from the Treasury of Hildesheim, which, if he has not painted from the original in Berlin, must at any rate have been taken from the "facsimile galvanique par MM. Christoffe." But the artist reserves his strength for the large and prominent composition "A Sculpture Gallery" (26), exhibited a year ago in the Paris Salon in a comparatively unfinished state, under the title "Sculpture; portraits commandés"—the portraits being, at least in part, furnished within the circuit of the artist's family. "Sculpture" is a companion to the picture of last year entitled "Painting"; the central incident is well chosen; a slave whose semi-nude anatomies are as startling as they are carefully studied, turns an imposing vase on its pedestal, as is still the custom in studios when visitors wish to see a great work from all sides. The hall is crowded with a multitude of works, statues seated and standing, bassi relievi, antique lamps, &c. &c., and the question has not unnaturally arisen in our mind whether all these objects could by any chance have come together at any one time. For example, the marble vase already mentioned is now in the National Museum of Naples; the female seated figure is the well-known Agrippina, the mother of Nero, in the Capitol; the bust of Pericles is in the Vatican; the infant Hercules is equally well known, though its present whereabouts we do not at the moment happen to recall; lastly, the "Minerva Paterni," part of the "Hildesheim Treasury," was dug up in the north of Germany in 1868, and is now in Berlin. It can then be scarcely surprising that at first sight our impression was that the composition challenged criticism as a defiant anachronism. However, further reflection suggested the possibility that, if the date of the picture be placed sufficiently forward—say, about the second century of our era—all the works depicted might be present in one gallery. Nevertheless it is but too evident that no one sculptor could have made them all, and the artist has to reconcile as best he can the patent fact that he has painted not the gallery of a collector, but the workshop of a sculptor who lives by what he produces and sells. The execution is acknowledged on all hands to be consummate. On the whole, the conclusion would seem to be that the revivers of dead archaeology lie very much under the same disadvantage as modern scholars who reproduce Latin verses. And yet when we turn from this "Sculpture Gallery" (26), by Mr. Alma-Tadema, to "Ann Page and Slender" (56), by Mr. Cope, R.A., we cannot but feel how much more fortunate are the old Romans than Shakespeare and the characters he depicted. It is not the first time that Mr. Cope and other venerable Academicians have made the genius of our greatest dramatist responsible for the most hackneyed of pictorial commonplaces.

THE OPERAS.

THE opening of the Opera season at both houses this year has been marked by various new appearances. Amongst these have been, at Drury Lane, that of Mlle. de Bellocca, and, at Covent Garden, that of Mlle. Zaré Thalberg. Mlle. de Bellocca's first appearance justly made a very favourable impression. Her voice is strong and melodious, her singing finished, and her acting good. Somewhat too much of enthusiasm was excited by her rendering of the drinking song from *Lucrezia Borgia*, which she introduced, it must be said very inappropriately, in the lesson scene in the *Barbiere di Siviglia*. Nothing could be more out of character than Rosina's selecting such a song, and its execution was not striking enough to excuse the incongruity. However, there is good reason to suppose that the singer will deserve and take a high rank on the stage. Mlle. Thalberg's performance in *Don Giovanni* at the other house was full of merit and yet fuller of promise. The opera was further distinguished by the assumption, for the first time in England, of the hero's part by M. Maurel. In this he gave another proof that he is both a singer and actor of unusual capacity. To say, as has been said, that in this part he rivals, and even surpasses, his master, M. Faure, is absurd. In the first place, M. Maurel has not M. Faure's dignity and grace of bearing; in the second, he has not M. Faure's experience. But no doubt M. Maurel is the best substitute that can be found for M. Faure. Amongst well-known operas the *Huguenots* has been given at both houses. At Drury Lane Mlle. Titiens displays the same resources of passion and skill in singing and acting and the same command over them for which she has long been known; and Mme. Trebelli-Bettini acts and sings Urbano with the delicacy and spirit which belong especially to her. The page, as she represents him, is the very essence of boyish sportiveness controlled by a courtly manner; and it would be difficult to find a fault in her singing of the two airs in the first and second acts. At Drury Lane Signor Castelmarty appears in Marcello, the part filled last season by Herr Behrens, and the change is an improvement. All that is wanting to Signor Castelmarty's representation is a greater volume of voice. This natural advantage is enjoyed by Signor Baggiolo, who plays the part at Covent Garden; if his singing could be combined with Signor Castelmarty's acting, the result would be admirable. But although good acting adds greatly to the importance of Marcello, this is one of the few characters of dramatic interest in which a fine presence will go far to carry through a good singer who will not take the trouble to act, and it is therefore well suited to Signor Baggiolo. At the one house M. Maurel, and at the other Signor de Reschi,

raise the part of Nevers to the importance which it ought to have, but which is frequently missed by want of combined dramatic and vocal capacity. It is only just to make allowances for Signor Galassi, who at Drury Lane plays St. Bris, a part associated there with that fine singer and actor, the late Signor Agnesi. At the same time a St. Bris with neither fire nor dignity, and with no vocal excellence to atone for their absence, makes a serious blot upon a performance of the *Huguenots*.

The most important event of the season has been the production at Covent Garden of *Lohengrin*, which is promised also at Drury Lane. In the matter of the production in England of this work hope has been long deferred; whether its realization will be found by the public the boon which some have thought to find in it, remains to be seen. In any case, great credit is due to a manager who carries out the task of producing such a work with the grandeur of general effect and the care of detail which Mr. Gye has brought to it at Covent Garden. The splendour of the armour and other trappings employed was indeed on the first night of performance somewhat too dazzling for the circumstances represented; but that is a defect which with others will be cured by time. That on the occasion of the introduction to the London stage of the so-called Music of the Future there should have been some opposing spirits in the audience who gave evidence of their disapproval was only natural; but, to make up for this, the general enthusiasm expressed at the end of the opera was greater than could have been reasonably expected. Many of the audience must have been startled at this new manner of opera which has hardly any affinity with that of the Italian stage. Herr Wagner's theory, as illustrated by *Lohengrin*, is that conventional forms are mistakenly employed in opera, which should represent in music the natural course of speech and action in real life; and that consequently the system of airs and full closes is wrong. That it is artificial cannot be doubted; but so it must be remembered is the translation of emotion from ordinary speech into music. People in real life certainly do not, when they wish to relate an interesting story, turn their backs to their hearers and describe their adventures in a florid air; nor do they at a moment of supreme anguish, when action is before all things necessary, delay to give expression to their passion in song; both of which things frequently occur in Italian opera. But, on the other hand, when a man and a woman are concocting a vile plot together as do Friedrich and Ortrud in *Lohengrin*, they do not convey their ideas to each other in recitative; and there is no orchestra at hand to tell the condition of their minds more fully than does their own singing. A stage play is, like a picture, an artificial representation of life, in which the obtrusion of objects taken straight from nature and untouched by art only spoils the desired impression of reality; and what is true in this respect of a play is yet more true of an opera, inasmuch as there the representation is of a yet more artificial character. Herr Wagner's theory, however, is nothing but admirable in its contention that the dramatic plan and construction of an opera should be considered of the greatest importance. There are too many fine operas which lose in attraction from the baldness or confusion of their story, and the most violent antagonists of Herr Wagner can hardly deny that he is right in thinking this to be wrong. He believes that the dramatist and the composer should be animated by the same spirit, and he has obtained this agreement by writing his own stories, the poetry of which in the original is of a high order.

For *Lohengrin* he has selected a story of singular beauty. The time is the tenth century; the scene Antwerp. In the first act Henry the Fowler has arrived at Antwerp to levy a force in order to repel Hungarian invaders. The act opens with an address from the Herald, accompanied, as are all his speeches, with a blare of trumpets, and this is followed by a chorus of loyalty from the people of Brabant, to which Henry replies in a fine recitative, wherein he explains his present object, and goes on to question Friedrich of Telramund as to the disturbances which have lately taken place in Brabant. Friedrich in reply explains that the last Duke of Brabant upon his death-bed confided to him the care of his two children, Gottfried and Elsa. One day, he says, Elsa took Gottfried into the forest and returned without him. Her guilty terror, when questioned, proved that she had caused his death, and Friedrich shrank in horror from the marriage with her which the Duke, her father, had designed for him, taking as a wife instead Ortrud, daughter of the Prince of Friesland. He ends by formally accusing Elsa of her brother's murder, and claiming the Duchy of Brabant for himself as nearest of kin to the last Duke. Elsa is presently brought in to answer the accusation, and in a passage of beautiful melody relates that she has had a marvellous dream, which has consoled her in her sorrow. A knight of angelic beauty and power has in this vision appeared to her, and that knight, and none other, will she take for her champion. In accordance with her desire, this champion is twice summoned by the herald, without effect. Elsa then falls on her knees and prays, and meanwhile an excitement is observed among the attendant crowd, who discern a strange appearance on the river, which presently becomes visible to the audience in the shape of a swan drawing a boat which contains a knight clad in glittering armour, who approaches the banks of the river, and steps from his boat on to the shore. The chorus which announces his arrival is so fine that it was not surprising that the audience should on the first night commit the great blunder of demanding a second time a passage which cannot but be marred by repetition, as it depends upon the gradual working up to an overpowering effect both in music and action. The stranger

knight offers to become Elsa's champion on condition that she will, if he conquers, marry him and never ask his name. She joyfully agrees to this, recognizing in him the knight of her dream, and the combat between him and Friedrich is soon ended by the defeat of the latter. The act ends with a fine chorus of glory to the stranger knight. It will be seen that in this act there is a good deal of dramatic action, and a great opportunity for scenic magnificence, which is used to the utmost at Covent Garden. Elsa is played by Mlle. Albani, whose appearance is well suited to the part, and whose acting has much grace and feeling. Her singing, too, is finished and expressive to a great degree, but she is rather overweighted by the demands made upon her. In order to be heard through the crash of the orchestra, she is forced to strain her voice, which is remarkable rather for melodious quality than strength. M. Maurel's performance of Friedrich is rather disappointing. The part calls for a certain ruggedness in acting which M. Maurel does not convey; and his voice too is not equal to the strain put upon it. Signor Nicolini's perfect knowledge of his trying part is very creditable to him. The music lies constantly in the high register, and now that Signor Mongini is gone there is hardly a tenor who can do full justice to it. Signor Nicolini sang the phrase of farewell to the swan, in the first act, and the passages with Elsa in the last, with real feeling; but their effect was marred, as many of his effects are, by the constant tremble in the voice, which, as the Germans say, is employed by French singers to spread out their poor resources. His costume was brilliant and glittering, but suggested an unfortunate likeness to a king on a handsome twelfth-cake. Herr Seidemann, who represented Henry the Fowler, might be expected to be peculiarly at home in the part. He knew his music, and that is all that can be said for him. Signor Capponi's fine voice told well in the declamatory passages of the Herald. The chorus plays a very important part in the first act, and indeed all through; on the first night there was a great want of certainty in the execution of the music; and the trumpets, which also have a great deal of work, were almost constantly out. These, however, are faults which may disappear with time. The acting of the chorus is in this opera no less important than the singing; a chorus trained to the conventional attributes of Italian opera, where all raise their hands and shake their heads in concert like marionettes, cannot be expected to fall at once into the kind of acting required in *Lohengrin*. Those who have seen the opera in Germany will remember how the first appearance of the swan was gradually communicated to the whole of a vast crowd. A stir and murmur arose in the outskirts, and increased gradually to a storm of excitement which produced an impression such that the spectator longed to rise from his seat and see if he too could discern the portent in the distance.

The second act opens with the dialogue already spoken of between Friedrich and Ortrud, in which they plot against the happiness of Lohengrin and Elsa. This long dreary recitative has been judiciously cut for representation at Covent Garden, but it would bear yet more cutting. Two attempts are made by them to oppose the progress of the wedding, but without effect; and the act concludes with the entrance of the procession into the minster. A fine effect in this act which may be obtained from the gradual crowding of the stage as day breaks was rather missed; and the entrance of a warder carrying a lantern, who unlocks the great gate of the fortress, and should let in a flood of daylight, seemed absurd, as the stage was already so light that a lantern could not possibly be necessary. The introduction with the violins to the last act is in itself marvellously beautiful, and its execution by the orchestra, under Signor Vianesi's direction, was admirable. Its movements have a tenderness and penetration which exalt the imagination, and suggest to it the supernatural events which are to follow. After the melodious bridal chorus, which is known in England from performance at concerts, follows the interview between Lohengrin and Elsa, in which she breaks her promise and asks him his name, and which is interrupted by the entrance of Friedrich, who comes to kill Lohengrin, but is killed by him. The scene changes in a somewhat clumsy fashion back to the banks of the Scheldt, and Lohengrin, revealing to the assembled Court that he is a Knight of the Holy Grail, prepares to depart as he came with his mystical swan. As he is on the point of going, Ortrud rushes forward and reveals to Elsa that the swan is no other than her brother Gottfried, transformed by Ortrud's sorcery. Lohengrin falls on his knees and prays, and presently the swan resumes his proper form, while a dove descends and draws away Lohengrin in his boat. That there is much beauty in the story of *Lohengrin* will be seen; that there is much in the music will be heard by those who care to go. Whether this will be found by the public to atone for the dreaminess of some of the opera, and for the absence of the system of airs to which they have been so long accustomed, cannot yet be determined.

SIGNOR SALVINI.

SOUMET'S tragedy, which in the Italian version called *Il Gladiatore* is performed by Signor Salvini's company at Drury Lane, is a play which, with some disagreeable elements in the plot, is full of strong situations and dramatic interest. In the first act Origen, a Christian, is discovered in the catacombs of Rome, lamenting the oppression of the Empire, and hoping for the day when his religion shall spread over the world. To him enters Neodamia, a slave and a Christian, to make confession that she is loved by Flavian, her master, who wishes to marry her, but is not a Christian. Origen assures her that if this marriage will

not turn her from her religion she may enter upon it without fear of wrong-doing; and, comforted with this knowledge, she leaves the stage, to make room for the Gladiator, who enters at the head of a band of slaves. He tells Origen that the slaves are ready to rise in revolt, and begs for the help of the Christians against the Roman oppression. Origen expounds to him the doctrine of forgiveness, and the Gladiator hurls out into a passionate recital of his wrongs, and protests against the power that has crushed him. To a question from Origen as to the particular nature of his sufferings, he replies by telling how he was chained up by Faustina to witness the horrible murder of his wife, upon which, according to the revelation of a sorceress, depended Faustina's chance of becoming a mother. In the night the Gladiator set fire to the palace, and escaped with his own newly-born daughter to Egypt. Is it any wonder, he asks, that after this he should be filled with hatred of mankind, and that forgiveness should be to him as madness? At this point news is brought that Faustina herself is coming into the catacombs, and all fly to a remoter station, except the Gladiator, who remains concealed behind a pillar. Faustina on her entrance explains that she has come in search of Neodamia, her rival in the love of Flavian. The Gladiator steps forward and reveals himself to Faustina, who recognizes him and asks him where is his daughter, with whose life that of her own son is mysteriously bound up. He relates how he lost her when they were living together on the banks of the Nile, and has sought her since in vain. Faustina bids him take whatever money he wants and go instantly in search of her; but first she requires his services for one day; he must find his way secretly into Flavian's house. "Or vuoi vendetta di Flavian?" asks the Gladiator, joyful at the prospect of striking down one who has power over his fellow-men. Faustina replies, "No, seguimi." "Ti seguo," answers the Gladiator, "aspettando dal Cielo il fausto giorno ch'io faccia al tuo corpo empio . . . vendetta."

In playing the Gladiator Signor Salvini loses of necessity something of the advantage which his fine presence gives him in *Othello*. There is no magnificence of costume to attract the eye, and the air of subjection imposed by long oppression on a strong nature, which the actor gives with good discretion to the Gladiator, is a contrast to the dignified bearing of the Moorish general. But the first speech of the Gladiator shows that this subjection is only a habit on the surface; a violent spirit breaks out in the exclamations of anger with which he enters; and here, where one expects to find Signor Salvini's force of voice and action employed to display the passion of the man, he makes so moderate a use of them that his apology for the roar of the lion, which, from his constant combats with wild beasts, has got into his voice, seems unnecessary. Again, the relation of his agony on the occasion of his wife's murder before his eyes gives an opportunity for passion with which a great actor might "drown the stage with tears and cleave the general ear with horrid speech." The words of this recital are delivered by Signor Salvini with great force, but without the depth of feeling from which force in such a situation should spring. As an actor he is safe so long as no great call is made upon his mental resources; and it is for this reason that the scorn of the last lines, "Non cadde, non cadde il cielo, e tu di Dio mi parli?" is by far the best point in Signor Salvini's delivery of the passage. So, in the scene with Faustina, one is again disappointed by the little use which the actor makes of the means at his disposal. In the line after Faustina's promise of freedom in case of his finding his daughter, "Tornerò dunque come gli altri un uomo," the sudden expansion of the Gladiator's whole frame with joy and hope is well given; but neither of the suppressed hatred of Faustina, nor of the tenderness at the memory of his daughter, nor of the vindictive expression with which he leaves the scene, does the actor make all that could be made. It is no bad test of an actor's power to observe the attitude of his audience after a scene of great passion. When Signor Salvini has left the stage at the end of the first act there is great applause, but there is no vivid impression. The feelings of the spectators are not so wrought upon that they can for a moment forget that they have been looking at a piece of acting. They admire the physical force and the powerful voice of the actor; their hearts do not seem moved by the grief and the hope of the Gladiator. The truth is that the greater part of audiences nowadays do not like to have their feelings deeply disturbed; they love to take their ease in their theatre; they love to see a great display which they can praise from the calm eminence of their untroubled minds; they do not care to fall within the power of another's mind, and carried by it into forgetfulness of themselves. Not long ago an objection was made to the performance of a great actress by a member of an educated audience in these terms:—"This is not the kind of acting which I care about; she upsets my feelings and makes me cry." This is precisely the position which many playgoers now assume.

The second act of *Il Gladiatore* is laid in the gardens of Flavian's house. He is entertaining his friends at a banquet, and explains to them his intentions respecting Neodamia, who presently enters, upon which he sets her free and makes arrangements for their marriage the next day, first in the Temple of Juno, afterwards, in deference to her wishes, by a Christian ritual, somewhat after the fashion of a Roman Catholic and Protestant marriage in the present day. When Flavian has left the stage Faustina enters, and, affecting an interest in her, tries to dissuade her from her marriage with Flavian by various means—amongst others, by showing her a letter which she says proves Flavian's inconstancy. It is only when she finds these

means fail that she reveals herself as the offended Empress, and Neodamia's rival, and signing to the Gladiator who has come in with her, and remained hidden, she sweeps from the stage. The acting of Signora Giovagnoli, who plays Faustina, is in this scene, as through all the play, admirable. The hypocritical love, the conceded scorn and hatred, the final outbreak of her fierce nature, could hardly be better given. The Gladiator, left alone with Neodamia, finds himself unable to carry out the task set him by the Empress of killing her. He is touched by her innocence and gentleness, and instead of becoming her assassin, promises to be her protector. The curtain falls as they go together to seek the aid of Flavian. Here is another occasion for impressive acting which Signor Salvini misses. The conflict of emotion in his mind, and the revulsion of feeling when he gives up his chance of freedom to save the girl whom he has undertaken to kill, are but faintly indicated, and in place of the overpowering tenderness for Neodamia which may be taken as a foreshadowing of the subsequent discovery of their relationship, the actor preserves towards her a demeanour which is merely polite. The third act passes in the Temple of Juno; as the Gladiator is revealing to Flavian the infamous designs of the Empress, a tribune sent by her arrives to command his immediate return to the amphitheatre, where a great spectacle is in preparation. He appeals in vain to the sanctuary of the Temple, for to a slave no such appeal is allowed. He stands at the foot of Jove's altar and delivers a speech of fierce invective against the impotence of the god to protect him. In this speech, though it is delivered with energy, the action is of the most conventional kind, and only the words with which the Gladiator goes out have any semblance of real emotion. Then follows a scene between Faustina and Flavian, in which Signora Giovagnoli again exhibits a fiery passion, and then comes the interruption of the marriage of Flavian and Neodamia, by the arrest of Origen, who is brought into the presence of the priest, guarded by lictors, for having insulted the Gods. Neodamia upon this, in spite of a desperate appeal from Flavian to her love, declares that she too is a Christian, and is led off in custody with Origen. This scene is well played by all concerned in it.

The fourth act discovers the arena of the amphitheatre, with the spectators looking down from the back. The Gladiator is summoned to slaughter the Christians, and in a speech of fine irony assures the people that he will do his duty. Then comes the discovery that it is Neodamia whom he is to kill; he appeals in vain to the populace on her behalf, and is about to slay her in order to save her from the lions, when he discovers by a mark upon her shoulder that she is his long-lost daughter. Upon this Faustina interferes to save her son, whose life is mystically bound up with that of Neodamia, but only succeeds in obtaining a day's respite. There is considerable power in Signor Salvini's representation in parts of this scene. The first appeals to the people for Neodamia's life are well discriminated from those which are made after the discovery that she is his daughter; and the first rush to clasp her in his arms has more of tenderness and self-forgetfulness than the actor has shown before. The last scene contains a tremendous situation. Neodamia is in prison; Faustina rushes in to save her, and is followed by Flavian. They are about to escape when a tribune rushes in with the news that the populace are in revolt clamouring for the blood of the Christians, and are even now besieging the prison doors. Flavian and the tribune go out to assemble the guards and disperse the mob, and the Gladiator comes in through an opening which he has broken in the wall, having fought and killed a tiger in his progress from cell to cell. The play now rises to a climax of intensity. Faustina is in despair at the prospect of her son's death. The palace is in flames. Every escape is barred. The Gladiator for a few brief moments holds Neodamia in his arms, and finds peace in her love. At the lamentations of Faustina for her son his fury breaks out; he follows her across and around the stage, heaping reproaches and curses on her, while she cowers before him. Then, as the clamour of the mob without increases, he takes a desperate resolve to save his daughter from their outrage, and, like Virginius, stabs her with his own hand, as Flavian and the populace rush in. Signor Salvini in this scene, as throughout his performance, trusts to the supremacy of the physical force which he possesses and calls it into full play while he altogether subordinates the workings of the soul, just as some managers prefer a scenic effect to the utterance of a poet; and no doubt the actor and stage director are both right if they desire to satisfy audiences disposed to resent any invasion upon their thoughts and feelings.

Il Gladiatore is better suited to Signor Salvini's powers than *Othello*. There is no opportunity in his performance of *Il Gladiatore* for the brutality which, in some parts, disfigures his rendering of the Moor. But his representation confirms the impression that he is an actor of resources in every direction, save that of imagination and passion.

REVIEWS.

LIFE OF WILLIAM, EARL OF SHELBURNE.*

IN giving to the world this Life of Lord Shelburne, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice has well performed a task for which

* *Life of William, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards First Marquess of Lansdowne; with Extracts from his Papers and Correspondence.* By Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice. Vol. 1. 1737-1766. London: Macmillan & Co. 1875.

readers will be grateful to him. The political history of Lord Shelburne's time, and the part which he himself played in it, are subjects of uncommon interest; and this Life strongly illustrates many events of an exciting period. The book opens with an autobiographical fragment which is attractive both from the force of its style and from its matter. The account of Lord Shelburne's family history is singularly interesting, and the proof which it affords of how much his education and the forming of his character were due to his own pains is a striking evidence of the powers of his mind. From the age of four to fourteen he says that "his education was neglected to the greatest degree." After the death of his grandfather, who ruled both his family and the country under his control with a monarchical sway, he obtained neither affection nor particular care from any one except Lady Arabella Denny, born Fitzmaurice, a woman of a remarkably strong character, as is shown by one incident related of her by Lord Shelburne. Her husband's brother, a man of a brutal temper, devoted himself to making her life unhappy. She was unwilling to complain to her husband lest she should set the two brothers at variance for ever; but, finding that her nerves were unequal to the constant struggle, she formed and carried out a singular resolution. She learnt privately to fire with a pistol until she became a good shot, when she took an occasion to exhibit her skill to her brother-in-law, telling him that, unless his ill-usage of her ceased, she would take means to stop it; after which his conduct to her became entirely changed. With this manly courage and determination she combined, Lord Shelburne says, a most womanly manner and mind; and it is not surprising that she should have had a considerable influence over him. "She inculcated into me," he writes, "a sense of duty towards God, the public, and my neighbours which has never quitted me." In the days of which Lord Shelburne writes it was customary to go up to the University at an earlier age than now. He himself went at the age of sixteen from a private tutor, who was excessively narrow-minded, to Christchurch, where he fell under a tutor who in that respect was not much better. There, however, he read law, some history, part of Livy, some of the Orations of Demosthenes, and by himself a good deal of religion, upon which he makes an observation which offers a curious contrast to a prominent line of thought of the present day:—

Surely it is natural for a person of the least reflection, if they are taught to believe in the Bible, &c., to be restless till they know the sum of what it contains, and come to some decisive judgment upon a subject so interesting as their future existence and eternal welfare. The certainty of ninety-nine out of a hundred never bestowing a thought upon the subject tells a volume in regard to mankind, and opens a very extraordinary view of the world, accounting for a great deal of otherwise unaccountable matter.

Immediately after this the autobiography diverges into a striking account of the condition of politics at the time of the writer's entry into public life, and the causes which had led up to it. A passing tribute is paid to the powers of Louis XIV., who is described as a king in every sense of the word. "He identified himself as few kings do with the public, with whom he was one and the same. Monsieur de Montyon sent me several letters which passed between Louis and Colbert and his other Minister, which evidently prove his great economy and that he never let go his authority—a great point. He had great qualities if not great talents." Louis XIV. was indeed fortunate in having such a Minister as Colbert, without whom the circumstances of his reign might have been much less happy. Another recognition as keen as brief is made of the merits of Cromwell, who, the writer observes, had always been caricatured rather than painted by historians. William III., "a formal, sagacious Dutchman," is said to have been led by a ruling passion for war, "and war against the French, for which it is easy to trace a complication of motives. Nothing can be more false and absurd than the enthusiasm entertained for his character, on account of his supposed love of liberty. He saw too much of it in Holland, where, by his plans for undermining it and by his ambition, he sowed the seeds of a great deal of the confusion and corruption which put an end to the Government of that ill-used country." Lord Shelburne goes on to draw lively pictures of many eminent characters before and of his time; among others, of Sir Robert Walpole, who, according to Lord Melcombe, was inconceivably coarse and low-mannered, but, as the writer says, "by all that I have been able to learn, out of sight the ablest man of his time and the most capable." Lord Carteret, Sir Robert's rival, whose daughter Lord Shelburne afterwards married, is described as a man of singular attractions, a fine scholar, and overflowing with a deep and comprehensive wit. But the greatest interest here will be found in the descriptions of Fox and Pitt, to the latter of which considerable space is devoted. To attempt in a briefer space to convey any notion of this would only be to spoil it. Some anecdotes related of Frederick, Prince of Wales, exhibit forcibly the strange childishness of his character. In the year of the rebellion, when a general shock was caused by the announcement of the rebels' arrival at Derby, and when the Royal standard was erected at Barnet, the Prince was found playing at blindman's-buff with his pages. On one occasion Mr. Hamilton was sent for in such haste that he was carried away from his dinner with one of the pages in a hackney-coach to the Prince, who directed him to go instantly in search of the Duke of Marlborough, supposed to have left the Opposition to go to Court:—"But in a few minutes' conversation (the Prince) forgot the business so far as to insist on his first staying a game of cricket with him and the pages, with little bats and balls, in a large room at Norfolk House." In 1757 Lord Shelburne, then Lord Fitzmaurice, determined to join the

army, and was placed by his father in the 20th Regiment, under General Wolfe, to the excellence and perseverance of whose character the writer bears a strong testimony. With the account of his joining the campaign the autobiographical portion of the book is concluded.

For the services which Lord Fitzmaurice rendered in the expedition to Rochefort, as well as at Minden and Kloster Kampen, he was rewarded by the rank of Colonel and an appointment, unjustly deprecated by the Newcastle Whigs, as aide-de-camp to the King, which appointment brought him into communication with Lord Bute. As this was an important point in his career, it may not be out of place to quote here the character of Lord Bute drawn by Lord Shelburne, which is given later in the book. One must remember in reading it, according to the warning of the writer of the Life, that the character was written many years after the events to which the chapter where it is inserted relates, and that the fact of Lord Bute and Fox having, long before the date of its writing, quarrelled with Lord Shelburne, should be weighed against the bitterness of some of the expressions:—

It is not easy to give a just idea of the character of the Earl of Bute, as it consisted of several real contradictions and more apparent ones, with no small mixture of madness in it. His bottom was that of any Scotch Nobleman, proud, aristocratical, pompous, imposing, with a great deal of superficial knowledge such as is commonly to be met with in France and Scotland, chiefly upon matters of Natural Philosophy, Mines, Fossils, a smattering of Mechanicks, a little Metaphysics, and a very false taste in everything. . . . He excelled most in writing, of which he appeared to have a great habit. He was insolent and cowardly, at least, the greatest political coward I ever knew. He was rash and timid, accustomed to ask advice of different persons, but had not sense and sagacity to distinguish and digest, with a perpetual apprehension of being governed, which made him, when he followed any advice, always add something of his own in point of matter or manner, which sometimes took away the little good which was in it or changed the whole nature of it. He was always upon stilts, never natural except now and then upon the subject of women. He felt all the pleasure of power to consist either in punishing or astonishing. He was ready to abandon his nearest friend if attacked, or to throw any blame off his own shoulders.

Lord Shelburne was employed as at once the most natural and the best medium of communication between Lord Bute and Fox, and brought the negotiation to a successful close; but his own expectation of seeing it turned to the purposes of peace was disappointed. He alone in the House of Lords spoke for the withdrawal of the troops from Germany; and Fox, having seen Lord Bute after the speech, wrote to Lord Shelburne a letter of expostulation, which is quoted in page 124, and in which he speaks of Lord Bute's affliction at the course adopted by Lord Shelburne, concluding by observing that "A man who follows his own interest, if he makes no undue sacrifices, either private or public, to the worship of it, is not dishonest or even dirty"; a piece of morality which was hardly up to Lord Shelburne's own standard. Meanwhile Barré made a violent attack upon Pitt, asserted by Walpole to have been prompted by Lord Shelburne, in the House of Commons, and later Mr. Bunbury threatened a motion in the same House for a cessation of hostilities in Germany. Fox prevailed upon Lord Shelburne, however, to dissuade Bunbury from his purpose. Lord Shelburne, writing long afterwards of the events of the Session, says, that on the occasion of the Vote of Credit, Lord Bute was strongly for asking only for a single million, while the Duke of Newcastle and the Chancellor of the Exchequer—Lord Barrington—thought two were necessary:—

Lord Bute alleged it to those who were of opinion against the German war as a proof of the sincerity of his intention in that respect; but as men mostly are not without two motives, and men of his character especially, one which they tell the world and at last persuade themselves is the true one, the other, which they scarce venture to own to their own minds, I should imagine one of the latter kind operated on this occasion, which weighed somewhat in the resolution of turning out the Duke, viz., that he panted for the Treasury.

Lord Shelburne played an important part in the negotiations which led to Fox accepting the lead of the House of Commons in 1762. When he first took this step he contemplated giving up the Pay Office, to which course he imagined the weight of public opinion must drive him; but he subsequently changed his mind, thinking that his unpopularity had decreased, and arguing ingeniously that such a sacrifice might rather help than hinder any abuse of him, being "esteemed an affectation of disinterestedness put on to cover some great job." In 1763 Fox's desire to be raised to the Peerage and yet retain the office of Paymaster, which he clung to when he assumed the leadership of the Lower House, gave rise to the report of Lord Shelburne's "pious fraud." It is shown conclusively by the chapter which is headed by these two words that there was no fraud in the matter. Nothing could be more natural than that Lord Shelburne should suppose that Fox both intended and ought to resign the Paymastership on his going out. Calcraft, who was supposed to be Fox's particular creature, held the same opinion, and, as he wrote to Lord Shelburne, expressed it firmly to Fox. Rigby, too, was against him. Walpole reports that at the height of the quarrel Fox, walking along St. James's Street, encountered Rigby's chariot, and began to vent his complaints. For all answer he received, "You tell your story of Shelburne; he has a damned one to tell of you; I do not trouble myself which is the truth"; after which startling reply, Rigby, who, Walpole says, was the man whom Fox most loved, ordered his coachman to drive away. The mere tradition that the Earl of Bute was the person who spoke of Lord Shelburne's conduct on the occasion as a "pious fraud" is greatly outweighed by the presumptive evidence against such a likelihood adduced in the chapter which treats of the affair, where many

curious details will be found. As is known, the matter ended, as far as Fox was concerned, in his becoming Lord Holland and retaining the Paymastership, thus fulfilling his original desire. But it did not there end as it concerned Lord Shelburne, whose reputation suffered long from the unjust view of his conduct taken by Fox.

In 1763 Lord Shelburne accepted the Presidency of the Board of Trade, in which position he found himself for various reasons and on many points at such disagreement with the Secretaries of State that but a few months after his entering upon office he sent a note to Lord Bute threatening to resign. He was at the time dissuaded from this intention, but did resign later after the failure of the negotiations between the King and Pitt, of whom, it may be remarked, his opinion was undergoing at this time a considerable change. The author of the *Life of William, Earl of Shelburne*, observes that, "after giving due weight to altered circumstances,"

there can be little doubt that both absolutely and relatively the greatness of the character of Pitt had been slowly forcing itself on the mind of Shelburne, who, though neither at this time nor subsequently remaining blind to the many failings and faults which disfigured and impaired it, was now far removed from the frame of mind in which two years before he had written to Blackstone at Oxford expressing no very high opinion of the popular hero. He also knew that Pitt had expressed a favourable opinion of him, and praise coming from such a source doubtless had some effect.

Lord Bute wrote to console him for the ill-natured remarks made upon his retirement, and to assure him of his belief in the King's regard; but not much later the King showed openly at Court his displeasure with Lord Shelburne for the part which he took in the affair of Wilkes, and at the same time all communication between him and Lord Bute ceased.

The chapter which follows these events exhibits something of Lord Shelburne's life in retirement, glances at the hatred entertained for him by Walpole, who seldom lost an occasion for blackening his character, and gives an account of Lord Rockingham's negotiations with him. Lord Shelburne's return to public life had taken place by the end of 1765. The last chapter of the volume, which is headed "Repeal of the Stamp Act," gives a clear view of the position of the Government upon this subject. In the course of the chapter it is said that, "as Burke claimed the glory, so must he, the ablest of the old Whigs, bear the responsibility of the Declaratory Act":—

"Parliament," it has been said in his defence, "was, in the opinion of the most judicious and temperate statesmen of the time, legally competent to tax America, as it was legally competent to commit any other act of folly or wickedness, to confiscate the property of all the merchants in Lombard Street, or to attain any man in the kingdom of high treason without examining witnesses against him or hearing in his own defence." The argument is correct, but what would have been thought if Parliament, after an unsuccessful attempt at committing one of these acts of folly or wickedness, had met, and in the face of the whole world and at the moment at which it was acknowledging the practical impossibility of accomplishing the immoral object it had aimed at, had to this confession coupled a solemn declaration of the right it possessed to try again another time. Posterity would probably have hesitated which was the greatest, the folly or the wickedness of such a course.

After this come some interesting extracts from Lady Shelburne's diary, containing, amongst other remarkable points, an account written for her by Lord Shelburne of Birmingham, whither they had gone on a visit. Then comes the triumph of Pitt. The victory of the Rockingham Administration, it is well observed by the author, was one of the kind which are fatal to those who win them. It was generally believed that the repeal had only been obtained under pressure from Pitt; and it was thus natural that what seemed the stronger hand should be universally desired at the helm of the State. Under the new rule Lord Shelburne was made Secretary of State, in spite of a strong dislike entertained for him by the King. But Pitt carried things with a high hand, and was no more disposed to submit to dictation from the King than from the aristocracy. The volume concludes with a curious letter from Choiseul to Guérchy on Pitt's ceasing to be a commoner, which, as Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice justly says, was the first mistake which he committed. "Il nous paroissoit," wrote Choiseul, "que toute sa force consistoit dans sa continuation dans cette Chambre (des Communes), et il pourroit bien se trouver comme Sampson après qu'on lui eût coupé les cheveux." The second volume of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's book, of which the plan is set forth in the preface, will be looked for with much interest.

PENNINGTON'S LIFE OF ERASMUS.*

THIS Life of Erasmus, as regards its subject-matter, might be considered a companion volume to Strauss's *Life of Hutten* which we noticed some months ago. But the treatment is very different. Mr. Pennington is a painstaking, but not a graceful or very appreciative, writer, and he falls into the common error of Protestant divines of treating Erasmus primarily as a theologian and reformer, whereas he was primarily a scholar and a wit. Any estimate of his character based on the former hypothesis is sure to be unfair, and to measure his religious sincerity by his conformity to the doctrinal standard of the Thirty-nine Articles is to mistake his position altogether. Bishop Wordsworth has shown in his preface a juster appreciation of the state of the case than the author. The classical revival and "other circumstances," as he

* *The Life and Character of Erasmus*. By the Rev. A. R. Pennington, M.A. With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Lincoln. London: Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday. 1875.

rather oddly expresses it, "seemingly unfavourable to Christianity"—i.e. to the progress of the Reformation—became conducive to it. But the service rendered to the movement by men like Erasmus was rather incidental and external than direct. Alike in his temperament, his aims, and his belief he differed essentially from Luther:—

Erasmus, like Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio in Italy, and like the author of *Piers Ploughman's Vision*, and Chaucer in the fourteenth century, and like our Colet in the fifteenth and sixteenth, desired to see a Reformation of the Church *within* the Church, and proceeding *from* the Church. The Reformation which he wished for, and which Colet advocated in his celebrated sermon preached before the English Convocation at St. Paul's, in 1511, was rather a Reformation of *manners*, of bishops, clergy, and people, than of *doctrines*.

But he hoped that by the circulation and study of the Holy Scriptures, and by the reading of the writings of the Christian fathers, and by the discipline of such schools as his learned friend Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, had founded and munificently endowed (and for which Erasmus provided religious exercises of devotion), and by the indirect influence of classical literature and elegant scholarship, and by his own sportive pasquinades and satirical rallery on religious pilgrimages, such as that to the shrine of St. Mary of Walsingham, and St. Thomas of Canterbury, and on other abuses which he exposed to ridicule with the caustic wit of a Rabelais, many of the worst corruptions and errors of Romanism, which he regarded as due to ignorance and barbarism, and to the influence of scholastic theology, would gradually and quietly melt away and disappear.

The early training of Erasmus, like that of Hutten, from whom in many respects he differed widely, served to inspire him with a natural distaste for scholastic theology and the monastic life. And it was against these peculiarities of the dominant religious system that the keenest shafts of his merciless satire were afterwards directed. But this dislike to the schoolmen was evidently due in great measure to their writing such bad Latin, and there is no reason for questioning the substantial accuracy of his statement, in a letter to Cardinal Campeggio, that his censure of the monks was not aimed at the system, but at those who were unfaithful to the letter or spirit of their vows, and that he had said no more than Popes and Saints who, like St. Jerome, were themselves monks, had said before him. The author says very truly that "it would have been better if no attempt had been made to drag forth Erasmus as a gladiator into the theological arena," but he fails to observe that in saying so he pronounces a severe criticism on his own volume. Erasmus undoubtedly took a genuine interest in what may be called the literary side of theological literature, and especially in the study of the Greek Testament, which then had all the charm of novelty. He said to his friend Dean Colet during his first visit to England, "I struggle to devote myself to the study of sacred literature; I hate everything which detains me from it"—which last remark must however be taken with some reserve. His biographer is obliged to admit that on his second visit to this country he did not seem very eager in these pursuits, and we certainly cannot endorse his somewhat paradoxical opinion that "the new learning" was valued by Erasmus "only so far as it was subservient to the attainment of an improved knowledge of Holy Scripture, Christian Antiquity, and the lives of the Fathers." That he valued these subjects only in their connexion with the new learning would be a less inaccurate, though of course an exaggerated, statement. He often expressed a wish that every language except Latin and Greek was proscribed. And his sense of the relative importance of literature and doctrine is strikingly illustrated by his whole attitude towards Luther and the Reformation generally. It is true that he had not the moral courage, or rather the indomitable audacity, of Luther, but it is most unfair to charge him with shuffling and cowardice, and to talk of "a melancholy reverse to the" favourable side of "the picture," because he refused to follow the great leader into open revolt against the Church of Rome. There was nothing in his antecedents or convictions to predispose him to such a course, and there was much to hold him back. When in 1519 Luther sent him a courteous letter, chiefly on the strength of his new preface to the *Enchiridion*—a work containing very different doctrine from his own—Erasmus replied very cautiously, telling the Reformer that he had not read his works, and could therefore express no opinion about them; but that he had looked into parts of his *Commentaries on the Psalms*, which pleased him, and he hoped they might do good. Soon afterwards he wrote to Cardinal Wolsey that he had only read two or three pages of Luther's works, and that he "had feared he would bring an odium upon literature, which is already too much suspected of evil." Luther, on the other hand, rejoins soon afterwards that the more he reads Erasmus the less he likes him, that he had very false notions about justification, and that "a man is not a good Christian because he understands Greek and Hebrew." He at last entreated Erasmus, after praying that the Lord would give him a better spirit, at least to remain neutral if he would not help, and not to write against the Reformation; to which Erasmus very characteristically replied that he at least doubted the truth of Luther's teaching, and "besides I dread the ruin of literature." The violence of the Reformers at a later period, and the outbreak of the Peasants' War, increased his repugnance to what he now openly denounced as an immoral and paradoxical doctrine; and he also complained, not without reason, that by the alarm they had raised they had destroyed all freedom of discussion within the Church, and made internal reform more hopeless than ever.

There was indeed, as Mr. Pennington more than once takes occasion to lament, a decidedly latitudinarian element in Erasmus's mind, and a "rationalistic spirit constantly appears in his writings." But it was the kind of easy latitudinarianism which

clings to authority, and likes to be comfortably housed, as George Eliot somewhere expresses it, in "a large, roomy, universal Church." It made him say that he would as soon have been an Arian as an Homoeousian if the Church had so decided, but it taught him to shrink instinctively from the narrow tyranny of sects. Mr. Froude may be right in saying that the practical effect of such principles, if generally adopted, in the then state of the world, would have been to make the educated infidels and leave the multitude to a degrading superstition. But men like Erasmus and Sir Thomas More, who had a good deal in common with him, did not perceive this at the time, and were certainly not infidels themselves. We are sorry, by the by, to observe that Mr. Pennington has gone out of his way to quote and endorse Mr. Froude's outrageous charge against "the philosopher of the *Utopia*" of taking a delight in whipping, racking, and burning heretics. More, like Erasmus and many other moderate men of their day, was thoroughly scared by the excesses of some of Luther's followers, which at least convinced him that his extreme theory of toleration, extending even to atheists, advocated in the *Utopia*, were too far in advance of the age to be acted upon. But the worst that can be truly said of him is that he took part officially in the execution of the existing laws against heretics—cruel enough no doubt to our notions—just as, to cite the impartial testimony of Mackintosh, "many judges since his time have enforced criminal laws which punish secondary crimes with death, and in which no good man not inured to such inflictions by practice could have taken a share." And to the last More declared that these severities were rendered necessary only by the violence of the Reformers, and that he heartily wished both sides could agree to trust to the final triumph of truth.

One point which we are very apt to forget, and which Mr. Pennington does not seem distinctly to realize, it is important to bear in mind in dealing with such a career as that of Erasmus, whose sympathies are at one time with the Papacy and at another with its assailants. The notion of a definite and chronic separation of Catholics and Protestants did not become familiar to men's minds till a quarter of a century after his death. Even Luther himself was very slow to acknowledge it. The cry for reform of the Church had long been popular in Europe, but an intermittent tradition of centuries made the idea of ecclesiastical unity almost an axiom of the public mind. Both the rival parties in the Church instinctively looked to the action of a future Council, like that of Constance, to adjust their differences. It was only when this hope had been disappointed by the long delay and subsequent miscarriage of the Council of Trent, that the final division of Western Christendom into two hostile camps was gradually and reluctantly admitted as an accomplished fact. But still it must seem strange to those who insist on making Erasmus into a Protestant hero that he should all along have kept on such excellent terms with the Antichrist of Luther's denunciations. When he went to Rome in 1509, he was cordially received by the reigning Pope, Julius II., who promised to place him among his penitentiaries, and was introduced to Cardinal Medici, the future Leo X. His *Praise of Folly*, which, like the *Epistole Obscurorum Virorum*, bitterly satirizes the vices and absurdities of monks and priests, was read by Leo X. without a word of reproof; and Erasmus afterwards addressed the Pope in a rather fulsome letter as a man of "great piety and polite learning," and received a very courteous reply. The second edition of his New Testament was dedicated to Leo, who issued a brief approving it. And at a later period the stern Paul III. wished to include Erasmus in his batch of reforming Cardinals, and on his declining the honour did actually appoint him Provost of the College of Canons at Deventer, commending in a very flattering brief his piety, probity, and learning, and distinguished services to the Apostolic See. But the end was then drawing near. At midnight, on July 12, 1536, he died calmly at Basle, where he had been obliged to take refuge on account of his disease, though "on account of the difference of religious sentiments"—Protestantism had been legally established there seven years before—he would have preferred ending his days elsewhere.

We will conclude with an extract from the Panegyric pronounced by Erasmus in 1500 on Prince Philip of Burgundy, which is interesting as a record of the impression made upon him by Paris, which still retained its high academic reputation as the *Schola* of Latin Christendom. As the oration was delivered at Brussels, there was no special temptation to draw a highly coloured picture, and Erasmus is no doubt expressing his real opinion of France and the French Church:—

This city has advantages, one even of which it is difficult to find in most towns—a flourishing clergy, an almost unrivalled school, a senate as venerable as Arcopagus, as celebrated as the Amphictyonic, as illustrious as the ancient senate of Rome. By their happy assistance the greatest blessings are united in their city—enlightened religion, profound learning, and the administration of justice. The clergy are learned; the learned are pious; and both learning and piety are united in the senators.

TOM THUMB.

WITH a feeling for consistency similar to that which induced the conscientious representative of Othello to blacken himself all over, M. Gaston Paris has embodied his ideas about Tom Thumb in one of the tiniest of volumes. But, as in the case of the

* *Le Petit Poucet et la Grande Ourse*. Par Gaston Paris. Paris (Librairie A. Franck) 1375.

hero whose deeds it commemorates, its little body is "animated by great intelligence," and it contains within its very small compass the results of as much research as might have been devoted to the composition of an awe-inspiring folio. The researches, moreover, of M. Gaston Paris, and of the new school of French criticism to which he belongs—one which unites the "painful" accuracy of the Teuton with the brilliant vivacity of the Gaul—are always sure to deserve our respectful attention, even if we do not always accept the conclusions to which they may give rise. It is indeed a misfortune that their fruits are not more familiar to us. We are sufficiently well acquainted with the blunders of the "divine Williams" or the "Sir Peel" type which ordinary Frenchmen are apt to perpetrate when dealing with foreign affairs; but few Englishmen, outside a narrow scholarly circle, are aware of the rich and rare treasures contained in such modern French periodicals as the *Revue Critique*, the *Revue Celtique*, and *Romania*, for all of which France is indebted to the enthusiastic band of genuine scholars to which M. Gaston Paris, M. Paul Meyer, and M. Gaidoz belong. The monograph now before us has long been in print, and public attention was called to it some time ago by Professor Max Müller, but it was not published till recently. Like its hero it was lost for a time to the world, but at length, under the impulse of the triply secular jubilee of the University of Leyden, at which the author was present as an official representative, it was allowed to see the light. Of its contents we will now proceed to give some brief account.

While the Semitic peoples, says M. Gaston Paris, inhabiting vast plains and enjoying a clear air and an equable climate, paid special attention to the sky, and early learnt to worship the luminous bodies which traverse or stud it, the Aryans, natives of a mountainous district, and exposed to the climatic vicissitudes of the Highlands of Central Asia, gave more heed to the violent convulsions of nature, and bestowed their sincerest adoration upon the spirits who were supposed to hurl the thunderbolt and to fly abroad upon the wings of the storm. Thus the five great planets then known, together with the sun and moon, formed the sacred heptade of the Babylonians, a combination of which the memory is still preserved in the week of what are so often inaccurately called the "Latin races." It is true that the titles of the Assyrian deities, changed by the Greeks into those of Hellenic gods, and then a second time altered by the Romans, have disappeared during this double transformation. But the names of their Latin substitutes still designate at least five days of the week in many South-European languages, although they have been supplanted by those of old Teutonic divinities in one great portion of Europe, and by a partly numerical nomenclature in another. In spite, however, of the evidence apparently borne by the frequent occurrence of such names as *Mardi* or *Mercredi*, the ancient Indo-European religions do not appear to have comprised anything approaching to a planetary cultus, and the European peoples are said not to have originally possessed any names whereby to designate the planets, but to have borrowed the subsequently employed designations from Eastern sources. Our ancestors, indeed, before they were subjected to an astrological influence from without, appear to have regarded the lesser lights of the nightly sky rather with a pictorial or topographical than with a religious eye. In the constellations they looked more to the lines supposed to connect the stars than to the stars themselves, and to many of them they gave designations savouring rather of earthly than of heavenly influences. Some of these designations still prevail in analogous forms among nations now widely differing in creed and speech, their similarity bearing strong witness to the original unity of what now appear at first sight to be widely differing races. By none is this evidence more forcibly borne than by those which a great number of the European peoples apply to the constellation of the Great Bear.

The hypothesis that the name of the Bear arose from a linguistic misconception has been so clearly explained by Professor Max Müller in the Second Series of his *Lectures on the Science of Language*, that there is no need to do more than refer to the fact that the same Sanskrit word *riksha*, meaning bright, probably from a root *ark* or *arch*, signifying to be bright or to make bright, was applied to the stars, and also became the name of the Bear, "so called [says the Professor] either from his bright eyes or from his brilliant tawny fur." The latter derivation appears a little doubtful, but whatever may have been the reason for conferring such a title upon a rather dull and dusky animal, or even if it were bestowed upon the *lucens a non lucendo* principle, it seems probable that the reason may be accepted which is assigned for its being applied to the constellation which was originally "the stars," then "the Bears," and finally "the Bear," or in Greek *Arktos*. Thence arose in the course of time a "Bear-ward," Arcturus, and eventually a Little Bear; and thus, says Professor Max Müller, "the name of the Arctic regions rests on a misunderstanding of a name framed thousands of years ago in Central Asia." As early, however, as the period when the Odyssey was composed, the Greeks knew the Great Bear also under the name of the *ἄρκα*, or four-wheeled waggon, and the idea expressed by this name appears to have found general acceptance in the minds of the Aryan Europeans. To the common people, at least, in most parts of Europe, the Great Bear is known as a waggon, of which the stars α , β , γ , δ , represent the wheels, and ϵ , ζ , η , either the shafts or the three beasts of burden, horses or oxen, which draw it. Neither in the memorials of old Teutonic speech, nor in those of the Slavic, Lettic, or Finnic races, says Jacob Grimm in his *Deutsche Mythologie*, is there to be found any designation for the group of stars in question which is connected with the name of

the Bear, although that animal plays so important a part in the folk-lore of all the Northern peoples.

Above the star ζ , which occupies the middle point of the Bear's tail or the Wain's team, is a very small star to which popular consent has attributed the functions of the conductor of the team. As the Greeks imagined a Boötes or herdsman, or an Arcturus or Bear-ward, so other nations have conceived the idea of a *Postillon* or *Cavalier*, who rides on the central horse of the team, or of a driver, called in Teutonic lands *Fuhrmann*, or *Knecht*, or *Diemeke*, or *Diimke*, and named by the Walloons *Pôcè*. In this small driver M. Gaston Paris recognizes the tiny but intelligent being known to us by the name of Tom Thumb—*Pôcè* being equivalent to *Poucet*, a derivative of *pollex*, analogous to *Däumling*, *Diemeke*, or *Thumbkin*. About this celestial car and its driver a number of legends have grouped themselves. According to one, a peasant yoked three horses to his cart one Good Friday. As they would not move, he cried out, "Get on, in the name of Satan!" Whereupon he disappeared from the earth, and has been condemned ever since to drive his cart in the sky. Another tells how a carter said he would give up his share of Paradise if he might be allowed to go on driving for ever. And now he may be seen driving in the heavens by night. Till midnight his cart mounts; after midnight it descends. In Switzerland it is affirmed that it may be heard at midnight to turn with a crash. In some places the celestial wain is called the Waggon of Elias, being the chariot in which he, as afterwards the Saviour, was borne to heaven. At one time it seems to have been considered the Car of Thor, from whom it was afterwards transferred to St. Peter or St. Martin or to Charles the Great—if, indeed, it be allowable to explain by reference to that monarch such dubious designations as the Swedish *Karlwagn* or our own Charles's Wain.

The genuine folk-tales about the being whom we know as Tom Thumb—as distinguished from his English legends, which seem to belong rather to literature than to folk-lore—agree in describing his birth as having been brought about in a supernatural manner. He is the actual or the adopted offspring of a married couple who have long desired a child in vain. At length they are made happy by the arrival of a tiny boy, who always remains exceedingly small. But he is, like most undersized people, extremely vivacious, and so intelligent is he that he soon learns to drive his father's team. For that purpose he nestles in the ear of one of the horses. This incident M. Gaston Paris considers the central point, the leading feature of the story. The next in importance, in his opinion, is that in which the hero is swallowed by an ox or a cow, an episode which has been expanded in some variants of the story into a series of similar catastrophes due to the heedless appetites of different animals. Our dwarf is also described as a being of a thievish character, for he assists in stealing oxen and other valuables. On these grounds he has been compared by Mr. Schenkl to Hermes, who on the very day of his birth stole the oxen of Apollo, and secured his safe return to his mother's grot by passing through just such an aperture as gave Thumbkin access to some of the objects of his theft. There is a Greek vase, moreover, on which a little Hermes is depicted in a cradle shaped like a shoe, just as Tom Thumb is described as having been cradled in his father's shoe.

One peculiarity of the Tom Thumb legend is, according to M. Gaston Paris, that it belongs exclusively to the Slavonic and Teutonic peoples. Neither in Italy nor in Spain has he been able to find any trace of the story, or even of the name, and its existence among the Wallachians, Albanians, and modern Greeks he attributes to Slavonic influences. The Walloon name *Pôcè*, and a French version of the story, he explains as being probably of German extraction, and Perrault's tale of *Le Petit Poucet* he sets aside as a mere literary composition. Finally, he draws the conclusion that, as the story belongs exclusively to the Slavs and the Teutons, it probably "received its definite form at the epoch in which they lived together, and formed a separate group in the Indo-European family"; but that at the same time the coincidence, which cannot be regarded as fortuitous, between the Hermes myth and the Tom Thumb story, permits us to attribute the oldest features of the legend of the tiny herdsman or driver to the far-off period when the seven stars of the North were represented only as seven great oxen roaming through the field of the sky.

There is a great charm in the method of explaining our nursery tales which invests them with a vast antiquity and a profound mythical significance. But the evidence upon which its results are based is sometimes hardly as conclusive as might be desired. In the present instance the identification of the heavenly driver or herdsman with the tiny hero of the folk-tale appears to rest mainly upon the fact that the two beings are known by similar names, *Pôcè*, *Poucet*, *Däumling*, *Diemeke*, and the like. But such designations may have been intended to be not individual but generic. Any small creature may have been styled Thumb-long, *Daumenlang*, *Tommeling*, Tom Thumb. From a similar metaphor arises the name of the pygmy, the smallest of mankind, though not as small as the "Divine personage of the size of a thumb" called in Sanskrit *Bāla-khilya*, who formed part of a family, numbering sixty thousand members, which was produced from Brahma's body, and which surrounded the chariot of the Sun. And it is not clear that the small hero of the folk-tale was originally connected with the idea of thumb-size. In Russia he is known as *Malchik-s-palchik*, the "finger-long little one," *palchik* being a diminutive form of *palets*, a finger, and he is supposed to spring

from his parent's accidentally cut off little finger. For this discrepancy M. Gaston Paris accounts by supposing that the primitive meaning of the Slavonic word now represented by the Russian *palets* or the Polish *palec* was "thumb," but that it afterwards acquired the sense of finger, and that the Russian tale, after the change in the meaning of the word took place, was altered so as to be in accordance with the new signification. But both of these hypotheses seem to be hazardous. It is true that *palets* and *poller* sound alike, but *palets* seems to be nearer akin to *palka*, a stick, *palitsa*, a club, and so to be descriptive of a finger or toe, as one of the twigs as it were into which the hand or foot branches. And the chopping off of the mother's little finger does not sound at all like an incident invented in consequence of a linguistic transformation. Afanasief, in the fifth volume of his *Russian Popular Tales*, gives three versions of the story. In the first and third the hero springs from a little finger which his mother cuts off while slicing cabbage, and in the second from a finger which his father loses while chopping a plank into splinters. But whether M. Gaston Paris is or is not correct in hazarding the above-mentioned suppositions, at all events we have to thank him for an exceedingly interesting and suggestive essay, and one which may well be commended to the attention of all scholars who are concerned in the resolution of the attractive problems which relate to the origin and meaning of Popular Tales.

LETTERS TO SIR JOSEPH WILLIAMSON.*

WE would not venture to say, without turning to the book to make certain, whether the name of Sir Joseph Williamson is found in Lord Macaulay's History. Most certainly he is not one of those characters whose living portraits stand out on Lord Macaulay's pages, and can never fade away from the memory. Yet he held high offices; he was an ambassador and a Secretary of State, in the time which comes within Lord Macaulay's secondary range, and he lived on through the whole of his immediate period. But a "pliant courtier and model official," as he is described by the late Mr. Christie, the editor of the present volume, could not, even in yet higher posts, have left much mark on his age, and he seems to have played no part at all in public life during the reigns of James and William. Perhaps he is likely to be best remembered at Queen's College, Oxford, of which he had been a Fellow, and of which he was in the end a benefactor. A man who rose from small beginnings to an official position just short of the highest, and who in those days of successive proscriptions seems not to have drawn on himself the persecution of either side, we may believe to be accurately enough sketched in the outline given by Mr. Christie. A man who was less than a "pliant courtier and model official" could hardly have risen so high; a man who was much more might perhaps not have risen any higher—might not have risen so high—but he would surely, in one way or another, have left a greater name behind him. In fact, Mr. Christie would seem, perhaps according to his duty as a *quasi*-biographer, to have made the best of his hero. Evelyn tells us how Williamson, being a clerk in the office of Secretary Nicholas, was "transferred" to Sir Henry Bennett, afterwards Lord Arlington; how Bennett, "loving his ease more than business, remitted all to his man Williamson, and in a short time let him so into the secret of affairs that there was a kind of necessity to advance him." "By his subtlety, dexterity, and insinuation, he now got to be Principal Secretary, absolutely Lord Arlington's creature, and ungrateful enough." Mr. Christie, however, quotes Evelyn as calling Williamson "exceeding proud," while, at least in the copy of Evelyn before us, the words are "exceeding formal." This is in 1674. Two years before this we find Williamson admitted to the place of Clerk of the Council in succession to Evelyn's father-in-law, Sir Richard Browne. "This place," Evelyn adds, "his Majesty had promised to give me many years before; but upon consideration of the renewal of our lease and other reasons, I chose to part with it to Sir Joseph, who gave us and the rest of his brother clerks a handsome supper at his house, and after supper a consort of music." Evelyn clearly disliked Williamson, perhaps on account of his rise; but this could not have been his only reason, as he speaks very respectfully of Sir Stephen Fox, who had risen from much lowlier beginnings than Williamson.

Mr. Christie's collection deals with Williamson in his character of plenipotentiary to the Congress at Cologne. Of the colleagues in his embassy, Sir Leoline Jenkins—whose name, a form of *Llywelyn*, has by some of Williamson's correspondents been turned into *Lionel*—bears exactly the same kind of reputation as his own. He is best remembered at Jesus College. The third, the Earl of Sunderland, who never actually joined his colleagues, stands out in full life in the pages of Lord Macaulay. The letters are from various correspondents in England, who send his Excellency all the news, public and private. The very first sentence of the first letter gives an illustration of one comment of Evelyn on Williamson's character. Evelyn says, in a passage of his Diary which must have been put in long after the date, that Williamson was "so inward with my Lord O'Brien, that after a few months of that gentleman's death he married his widow, who, being sister and heir to the Duke of Richmond, brought him a noble fortune."

* Letters addressed from London to Sir Joseph Williamson, while Plenipotentiary at the Congress of Cologne in the years 1673 and 1674. Edited by W. D. Christie, C.B. 2 vols. Published for the Camden Society, 1874.

Evelyn adds, "It is thought they lived not so kindly after marriage as they did before." That they lived very kindly before is plain from the constant references to Lady Katharine, Lady O'Brien, throughout the letters; part of Williamson's goods were lodged with her ladyship when he set forth to go beyond sea. Lord O'Brien afterwards seems to have got various grants of crown land through his wife's interest with Williamson.

The time to which the letters belong is the years 1673 and 1674, the time when England, to her shame, was engaged in a war against the United Provinces in partnership with France, when the secret treaties between Charles and Louis the Fourteenth had lately been signed, and when the Declaration of Indulgence and the Stop of the Exchequer were recent events. The former of the two was cancelled in the session of Parliament which was going on while Williamson was on his diplomatic mission and the sacramental Test was imposed. As the letters are letters not from Williamson but to him, they tell us little or nothing about the negotiations with which he was busy; but they tell a great deal about everything that was going on in England, from the gravest public affairs down to the smallest personal gossip. We hear much about the endless promotions of him who crept up from Sir Thomas Osborne into Duke of Leeds, but who is best known in the intermediate stage of Earl of Danby. We hear also of the promotion, more speedy and on different grounds, of Louise de Querouaille—the Madam Carwell of our forefathers—into Duchess of Portsmouth. We come across the famous Schomberg in an earlier stage than that in which we are most familiar with him; and one subject which fills many letters is the late naval battle with the Dutch, and the alleged misbehaviour of the French in the action. The second marriage of James, Duke of York, is often touched on and becomes the subject of many rumours. In short, Williamson's correspondents send him all the news, great and small. It is rather curious that, though there is such constant mention of the Lady Katharine or Lady O'Brien, there are no letters of her own in the collection, though from Lord O'Brien, her husband, there are several.

We have got a little way on with our letters, when, in a letter from William Bridgeman, then a clerk in the Secretary of State's Office and afterwards himself Under-Secretary, we light on the announcement that "his Royal Highnesses match with Princess of Inspruch is quite off." This "Princess of Inspruch" is Claudia Felicitas, daughter of the Archduke Ferdinand Karl, whom Mr. Christie oddly calls "Archduke of Innspruck." She presently became the second wife of the Emperor Leopold, a character in which her predecessor is still more oddly spoken of as "Empress of Austria." Presently we get a notice of "Mr. Blood the elder," the "notorious ruffian who had attempted to assassinate the Duke of Ormond and afterwards steal the Crown from the Tower," but who had been pardoned and was now in high favour with the King. At a later stage Blood appears as a correspondent of Williamson. We are also in the thick of the fear of Popery, and we see the second Duke of Buckingham in the character of a zealous Protestant. Henry Ball wrote on June 6, 1673:—

My Lord Duke of Buckingham is returned from Yorkshire, where he has been making new recruits to his regiment, and it's said that, so jealous were ye comanalty there of Popery, that not a man scarce would come into his Grace till he had gone and publicly with his officers took the Sacrament at Yorke. The whole towne do nothing but pretend to jealousyes of ye growth of Popery, and have the strangest reports from divers parts of Wales of their numerous meetings and nightly trainings, and furnishing themselves with arms, etc.

A few days later J. Rosse, the King's Librarian, writes in a more sportive style:—

His Grace of Bucks hath taken great pains, and the Sacrament almost in all the churches of his Lieutenancy in Yorkshire, on designe to raise his 700 men, but the people hearken as little to his devotion as (I believe) heaven to his prayers, soe that had hee not prevailed with some officers of his militia to pick them up (for the most part) out of the traine bands, hee had returned *re infecta*.

The Duke of York has resigned his post of Admiral, and we read:—

Its not to be writt the horrid discourses that passes now upon his Royall Highness surrendring; they call him Squire James, and say he was always a Romanist; that he is retiring into the country, and is so angry at the management of affaires, that he is resolved not to meddle with State affaires more, which makes all sober men very sorry and much troubled.

Another form of the national alarm comes out in a letter from Sir Thomas Player, from Guildhall:—

Wee are mighty busy here swearing against the Pope, and yet here wee are discontented, for my Lord Mayor and the Town Clarke have, by a precept they have sent out, made the law to extend to all livery men and governors of hospitals, to sextons and parish clerks, and this hath coated our liverys and courts of assistance, and the poore clerks are not able to sing one line of Sternholt in tune for feare of being turn'd out of their places.

Sir Thomas makes himself merry with the general state of things, how "the Government begins to thrive marvellous well, for it eats and drinks and sleeps as heartily as I have known it, nor doth it vex and disquiet itself with that foolish, idle, impertinent thing called business." "There is not," he further complains, "a place in the world so fruitful in lying stories as London, and, though the falseness of these stories is usually within two or three days laid open to the world, yet the people are ready to receive new ones, and to believe them till they also are detected." Here is a specimen:—

A pleasant ridiculous story is this weeke blazed about, that the King had given Nell Gwynn 20,000*l.*, which angriying much my Lady Cleaveland and Mademoiselle Carwell, they made a supper at Berkshire House, whither

shee being invited was, as they were drinking, suddenly almost choked with a napkin, of which shee was since dead; and this idle thing runs so hott that Mr. Philips askt me the truth of it, beleving it, but I assured him I saw her yester night in the Parke. The people say there has been 100,000l. given away within these last five weekes, so ready are they to blaze pernicious lyes.

Of the "pride" or "formality" attributed to Williamson by Evelyn we get a curious notice in a letter from J. Rosse, which savours almost of rebuke:—

I have that unalterable respect for your Ex^{ty} that though I seeme impertinent I cannot but lett you know that some of the fine Gentlemen that went with you (wee thought to honour you) have complained of an alteration of your deportment towards them, as more high than they expected: it runs through the gallery, &c. (as you say), not a little to your disadvantage, with the constructions and censures usuall in such cases, which I thinke it becomes my friendship to hint to you, both that you may observe and guess the censures and take notice of those that leave you, as they intend soon as they find conveniency if you are like to stay there this winter.

Altogether, like all writings which were never meant to go beyond those by and to whom they were written, these letters help us to much that throws light on the time. They should be taken alongside of those parts of the Diary of Evelyn which belong to the same period. Pepys does not go down so late. He mentions Williamson more than once, but within Pepys's range the future Secretary was still in inferior posts.

ALICE LORRAINE.*

THE author of *Lorna Doone* has attempted a difficult task—namely, the acclimatization of an Antigone or Alcestis on the less heroic soil of English womanhood. He has undertaken to show that a high-bred, pure-hearted, unselfish British maiden is as capable of supreme self-sacrifice as any of the most perfect models of devotion in Sophocles or Euripides. And, the better to carry his public along with him, he has interwoven with his main plot pictures of rural life in Kentish orchards and on the South Downs which cannot but captivate even the casual reader, and which no one could produce who had not thoroughly realized the delicious summer scenery of the one and the singular combs and uplands of the other. If his heroine succeeds in obtaining a verdict of sympathetic acquittal at the bar before which he pleads a justification of her "ultima ratio" of escape from odious nuptials, it will be largely due to the pictorial skill of the advocate that he induces English readers to condone a virtual suicide, and to regard the sweet and hardly-used maiden who conceived herself driven to it as a model to the last of the purest and finest type of English girlhood. Pleasant as are the Mabels and Phyllises of his tale, sprightly and natural as are the three daughters of Parson Struan Hales, who plays a considerable part in it, none of them so winds herself round the heart of the reader as Alice. Her love centres in father and brother rather than in sweetheart, and, though not without the weaknesses of woman, she has them just enough under command to extort admiration for courage without forfeiting any of the charm of feminine softness.

Beneath the crest of a long-backed Sussex hill in a deep embrasure, the Lorraines had had their dwelling since the days of the Conqueror. Partly owing to crippled fortunes and diminished acreage, and partly because of the student life of the head of the house at the date of the story (1811-14), they lived apart and went nowhere. Sir Roland, a widower, had his heart in his books and his daughter Alice, and was perhaps a little inclined to undervalue his thoughtless but generous-natured heir Hilary, who was eating his terms at the Temple in obedience to his father's wishes, and in despite of his own predilection for the sword rather than the pen. In Coombe Lorraine's best suite of rooms there still lives, at the age of some eighty years or more, Sir Roland's mother, the Lady Valeria, a relic of the Court of George II. She is a worldly old dame, who is disinclined to surrender the dominion which she had exercised over her husband to the extent of making him tie up his property so far in advance that even the joint consent of Sir Roland and Hilary is unavailing to mortgage the estate, however urgent the need, during the life of Alice. To this element of importance in the family history Alice unites another, in the part she is found to play in the will, and the provisions for a distant posterity, of an ancestral astrologer, the Carian Agasicles, whose daughter Artemise, two hundred years before, had eloped from her father's seaside castle, which, though triply guarded to landward against Carian rogues, proved too accessible from the sea to a handsome comrade of Raleigh. The astrologer had forgiven the theft and had come to England to see his daughter and die there, leaving behind him the repute of a wizard, supposed to haunt Chancton Ring, and a document which was to be searched for and brought from his special sanctum by a female descendant in a comet year (two hundred years after his own time). Of her who was to perform this office the old man had written, "The virgin will be brave and beautiful, ready to give herself for the house, and of swiftly growing prudence"; and when the prescribed term of days and years is up, Sir Roland sends his darling—a little scared, but quite equal to the task—to the astrologer's chamber, where in a recess she finds little but dust, mouldy deeds, and a dirty cushion. There is, however, a box, or casket, of peculiar metal and workmanship, and when Lady Valeria's curiosity leads to Sir Roland's examining

with her the documents and the box, it is found that the key is missing—the key which, in a postscript, the astrologer curses his servant for having lost. This lost key is, next to Alice, the most important factor in the story, if we except perhaps the periodical portent of the Woeburn, an outburst of water in the parish of Coombe Lorraine which takes place twice in five hundred years, waxing speedily into a great roaring torrent, "fetching more water than Adur river," gathering blackness as it goes, and each time it appears boding ill to the ancient house which it cuts off from the church and village. The old wife Nanny Stillgoe's saw ran:—

When the Woeburn brake the plain,
Ill it boded for Lorraine.
When the Woeburn came again,
Dearth and death it brought Lorraine.
If it ever floweth more
Reign of the Lorraines is o'er;
Only this can save Lorraine,
One must plunge to save the main.

It further appears that traditions associate the third visitation, which is now impending, with the loss of family honour. A course of circumstances tends to bring this about, though to so high-minded a race the thing might seem impossible. The light-hearted Hilary makes a summer excursion from the special pleader's chambers to the cherry orchards of Applewood in company with a fellow-pupil, Gregory Lovejoy, son of Martin Lovejoy, the Grower (i.e. market gardener), a Kentish man of Danish extraction and homely common sense and plain-dealing, and the master of Applewood Farm. The episodic chapters about this idyllic home of cherries and strawberries, girt about by the most delicious walls and trout streams, and peopled with good, hearty, honest folk, are so pleasant that we could like to dwell on them; but it must suffice to say that Hilary falls over head and ears (as well he might) with pretty Mabel, the grower's daughter, picks strawberries and cherries with her, accepts her tuition in trout-fishing, and very soon wins her heart, and precipitates an engagement not likely to please his fastidious sire, or Mabel's either, who is bent on wedding her to a grower like himself. Of course, when Hilary speaks of the matter to his father, high words bring on a rupture, which his uncle, Parson Hales, eventually heals to some extent by persuading Sir Roland to let Hilary go into a marching regiment, and, if he is of the same mind in three years, time, after experience of Spanish ladies, to marry Mabel Lovejoy. Meanwhile the projects of Lady Valeria for the good of the house in which she has a dowager's interest embarrass simple-hearted Alice in a struggle with a *roué*, Captain Stephen Chapman, son of Sir Remnant Chapman, a cynical old reprobate whose broad acres have swallowed up some of Lorraine, and who hopes to compass his son's reform and join the two estates by a marriage with Alice. The Captain is a sot and a *fainéant* who left the army at the outbreak of war, and the heroine's scorn for such a lover nerves her to all sorts of word-fence with her managing grandmother, persuasive arts with her fond father, and strange slights towards the Captain himself, by way of putting off so hateful a union. Unfortunately, however, the meshes of the web around her become closer and tighter. Hilary, who had saved his colonel's life at Ciudad Rodrigo, and been the first, though wounded, to enter the breach at Badajos, gets bewitched by a Spanish donna, whose father's house he had saved from pillage, and who, with her sister, had afterwards nursed him till his wounds were healed. Hilary proves temporarily false to his home-love, Mabel—a dereliction of duty no doubt needful to the plot, and to our thinking more tolerable and natural than those changes of mind in the heroines which modern novelists so much affect. The chapters of which the scene is laid in the Peninsular campaigns show that the author has grasped the history of the war, and contain an excellent sketch of "Old Beaky" in his happiest posture. Sharp letters from Uncle Struan, from Alice, and from Mabel's brother recall Hilary to some extent to his old love, but a complication arises out of a commission entrusted to him by Lord Wellington to take charge of 50,000l. in specie to be delivered to him by Count Zamora, the father of his Spanish *innamorata*. The donna gets him again in her toils, tempts him to an assignation (rudely terminated by a knock he gets on the head from her guerrilla lover), and illustrates the wise king's warnings against strange women by assisting Count Alcides d'Alcar, Mira's lieutenant, to get hold of the 50,000l. which Hilary was to convey to General Hill's division for the pay of the British army. Wellington pities the young captain, especially as he guesses there is a lady in the case, lets him resign his commission rather than be tried by court-martial, and after a series of misadventures on the way home, Hilary reaches Coombe Lorraine shabby, footsore, and in sailor's slops, just after the bursting of the Woeburn has thrown all the neighbourhood into consternation, and made matters ripe for some serious crisis of the family honour. Uncle Struan, the parson, takes him in and nurses him without his father and sister knowing aught of his return, till one unlucky day the parson goes a-hunting, and his nephew gives his fair cousins the slip and tries to get a sight of Alice. The interview near the Woeburn flood is too much for him; he is seized with a fit of epilepsy and with difficulty gets home to the paternal roof.

By a curious irony of fate the prodigal's return brings a turn in the long road of ill luck. The sordid Chapmans and the honest grower have their several schemes of providing for the 50,000l. which are the price of Hilary's reinstatement with unblemished name in Wellington's army. It is only with blameless Alice, who has

* *Alice Lorraine: a Tale of the South Downs.* By Richard Doddridge Blackmore, Author of the "Maid of Sker," "Lorna Doone," &c. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1875.

never left her father's house, that things go ill; and while Mabel Lovejoy steals away the hearts of all Hilary's home folk, she has to learn that she must bear her burden alone. Pathos reaches its height when the noble girl, loathing the suitor whose hand she is urged to accept for the honour of the house, vainly seeks every other alternative, blends preparations for a terrible last resort with tender nursing of her sick brother (ignorant of his complicity in her sacrifice), seeks her father's study for a last appeal, is driven frantic by a meeting with her bridegroom of the morrow, dresses herself in plain white, says her evening prayers, kisses a lock of her dead mother's hair, takes a last look of sleeping Hilary, and, walking out past her favourite bower in a bitter January night, commits her soul to God and her body to the Woeburn. How a *deus ex machina* interposes and brings back the dead to life it would be scarcely fair to tell; and we must refer readers to Mr. Blackmore's own pages for the precise mode in which the astrologer's box and last commands are connected with the ransom of Hilary's honour, without recourse to the dower of Mabel or to the Chapmans. We are not concerned to justify Alice's choice of a mode of escape from the degradation to which her honour and purity could not submit. Her plea till the step was taken was *Noblesse oblige*, and it is but fair to add that, when she is rescued from the waters, she is sufficiently shy and ashamed of what she has done.

Besides the clever weaving of the plot, a great merit of *Alice Lorraine* is, as we have already hinted, the life and beauty of its descriptive passages. Everywhere there is the poetic landscape-painting which bespeaks an artist who has thrown himself into his work. We seem to accompany the passengers in the grower's van as they descend upon the Weald of Kent; to sit with the guests under the hospitable shade in out-door desert on a Sunday at Appledwood; to discriminate the slowly waking spring at one point of the story from the mellow autumn of another, and in the last volume to realize the hardest winter of the century and the strange unearthly darkness which preceded it. Not unwelcome to the scholar and classical reader will be the Horatian and Theocritean reminiscences which haunt Mr. Blackmore when he gets amid buds and blossoms and ripe fruit, and the hues and scents of summer fruitage. Here is the sketch of the spot where the Appledwood party feast on cherries and sip madeira on special holidays:—"By the side of a pebbly brook—which ran within stone-throw of the house, sparkling fresh and abundant from deep well springs of the hill-range—they came to a place which seemed to be made especially for enjoyment; a bend of the grassy banks and rounded hollow of the fruit-land, where cherry, and apple, and willow-tree clubbed their hospitable shade, and fugitive water made much ado to ripple down the zig-zag rill." But perhaps Mr. Blackmore's special excellence is his gift of humour—a gift never misused in the service of ill-nature. It is not easy to give samples of this, because it pervades the whole book. Sir Roland and Alice are always checking themselves or each other, or getting taken to task by Lady Valeria, for a kindly irony which is in truth the author's quaint way of seeing things. The old grower teems with quaintness; witness his commentary on "the green herb for meat"—to wit, "to come to table with the meat." Parson Hales, when he spends an idle Sunday at Appledwood, finds it the perfection of enjoyment to sit at church as a listener, exhausting the sweetness of the familiar Lucretian sentiment. In one of his diets, by the way, we think that he or his author must be prepared for criticism. When pleading Hilary's cause to his father, he tells him he would never have fallen in love had he been allowed to smoke. "Cupid hates tobacco." Is this so? Certainly not in modern experience, though it is fair to remember that Mr. Blackmore's story is of sixty years ago. Many readers will welcome a certain laudation of old ways, when English maidens looked for less free and easy suitors than nowadays, and when tobacco was an offence to them, not a matter of toleration and perhaps experiment. For the rest, we will only say that Mr. Blackmore's *Alice Lorraine* will sustain his reputation as one of our best English novelists. Seldom have we come across so fresh and pleasant a prose idyl.

HINDUISM AND CHRISTIANITY.*

THE perusal of this book has given us great satisfaction. All of us may read much, and many of us are so situated as to hear much, of missionary work in India. When it is so, the oral accounts of the soldier or civilian often cast a deep shade over the roseate hues of the mission reports. The truth no doubt lies between the two. The sanguine teacher rejoices over a convert whom a dispassionate observer condemns as an interested time-server. And both may be wrong. The convert may not be a credit to his new faith, but in most cases he has given up more in a worldly sense than he can hope to gain by its adoption. Men of the highest position and of the clearest judgment, like Lord Lawrence and Sir Bartle Frere, whose knowledge and fairness cannot be gainsaid, speak with some satisfaction of the progress which Christianity has made in India and with hope for the future. Still it is generally admitted that the success has been comparatively small, and quite out of proportion to the means employed in the work of conversion. The causes of this partial failure are not far to seek;

the differences and contentions among Christians, incompetency and unfitness on the part of many of the missionaries, and the un-Christian lives of men who bear the Christian name, but are actuated by little of its spirit. The mischief done by mere professing Christians is incalculable, for men everywhere are apt to judge the tree by its fruits, and evil makes a deeper impression than good. Precepts of love and charity are rudely enforced by the stick or the boot-toe of the passionate; and temperance, soberness, and chastity have been sadly illustrated by the inebriety and libertinage of Europeans. A great change for the better has come over the lives of Englishmen in India; there is a much higher standard of morality, more self-respect, more tenderness for the people, a deeper feeling of responsibility as Christians and as members of a governing race. Still the words of Xavier, the greatest of modern apostles, are as true as ever, and ought to be felt by every man whose way of life lies in heathen lands. "The living exhibition of the Christian character is the first great instrument of Christian conquests over idolatry," said Xavier; and there can be no doubt that the exhibition of Christian virtues in the public and private lives of its professors must be the most potent instrument of conversion. The Indian mission roll bears the names of men who have covered themselves with honour by their self-devotion and life-long exertion; but there are not many who can be said to have achieved any great success. The qualities required in a missionary are peculiar and almost indefinable. Learning is necessary, but is of itself insufficient. Faults of temper made Henry Martyn, the accomplished senior wrangler, far less successful than the imperfectly educated Carey. Faith and zeal are indispensable, but must be tempered with patience and discretion. Ardent faith is in danger of showing impatience towards those who refuse to believe, or of exhibiting a pity which is not less repellent. Language is another great difficulty. The tongues of India are numerous, and their idioms and forms of expression are so different from our own that very few men succeed in speaking any of them well; what then can be said of preaching? The most accomplished linguist could not preach for five minutes without faults of expression sufficient to excite the amusement and divert the attention of his auditors. Lastly, there has been a want of knowledge of the religion of the people and of the modes of thought prevalent among them. It is this which has led to the publication of the work before us. The Hindus are no simple heathens. Their religious belief, though varying in its objects, is deeply rooted, and it has been worked out with marvellous subtlety and power of reasoning. So, as of old, the simplicity of the Gospel has been to some of them a stumbling-block, to others foolishness. The conversion of a Shânâr village in Tinnevely, or of a tribe of Kols in Chota Nagpore, is comparatively an easy work. These poor simple heathens have indeed some form of religion, but it is far removed from ordinary Hinduism, and their conversion cannot be said to brighten the prospects of success with the mass of the people. The system of caste which, with our notions of freedom, seems an intolerable burden and restraint, is one of the greatest obstacles in the way of success. The native convert is cut off from all his old associates, he is an outcast from their society, his parents and children shun him, his wife may desert him, and he is looked upon as one dead. Cases have been known in which funeral rites have been performed for a convert as if he had actually ceased to live. This is a terrible ordeal, and the faith and conviction must indeed be strong which enable a man to brave and endure it.

Mr. Robson is a Scotch missionary. He has had, as he tells us, twelve years' experience of mission work, and he has diligently studied the people among whom he has dwelt. Though sanguine of ultimate success, he fully realizes the difficulty of the enterprise and the forces arrayed in opposition. He has measured the strength and weakness of Hinduism, and he says very truly that

Generally, among friends of missions, there is an undue depreciation of Hinduism—an ignoring or an ignorance of the amount of truth and vitality still to be found in it; whilst, amongst those indifferent or hostile to missions, there is an equal ignoring or ignorance of the falsehood which vitiates that truth and poisons that vitality. Not only does Hinduism contain a subtle philosophy, express high moral truths, and enjoin many social virtues; it even in one guise or other embodies many of the leading truths which Christianity teaches. But there is in it an ineradicable vice which neutralizes all that is good, which has paralysed and must paralyse all those efforts at reform within Hinduism that more enlightened Hindus have made and are now making, and which leaves Christianity the only hope for India.

To bring out the leading principles of the various forms of Hinduism, to show where they are in harmony and where and how they differ, is the task Mr. Robson has set himself; and he is well fitted for the undertaking. He is as free as a man can hope to be from intolerance, he shows great acuteness and clearness of perception in dealing with the abstruse and complicated problems before him, and he generally succeeds in conveying an intelligible apprehension of their significance and bearing. The book is not large, but it is thorough as far as it goes. Its value to the missionary in India can hardly be overrated, for it offers a clear and simple exposition of the religious forces with which he will have to grapple, and an easy introduction to that knowledge which is essential to success.

Three thousand years ago, or thereabouts, the religion of the Aryan immigrants found expression in the Vedic hymns. These gave indications of a primitive monotheism which had grown into nature worship. The various powers and phenomena of nature are addressed in the hymns as personified beings, each in his turn supreme. There were religious rites and sacrifices, but their grand

* *Hinduism and its Relations to Christianity.* By the Rev. John Robson, M.A., formerly of Ajaier. Edinburgh: William Oliphant & Co. 1874.

object was the attainment of worldly happiness and prosperity. Of a future life the early Hindus seem to have had a very indistinct notion, but immortality was considered a gift that might be granted by the gods. In this, as Mr. Robson says, there is little resemblance to modern Hinduism, and in fact a few Vedic verses and formulas recited by priests who have no knowledge of their meaning are almost all that is left of the Vedas in the religion of the present. After a brief review of the Vedic period the author passes over some six or seven hundred years, until the time when the caste system had become fully developed and Brahmanism was in the ascendant. Philosophy had now made some advance, the doctrine of transmigration had taken firm root, and the tendency which the Vedas had shown to the recognition of various gods had grown into Pantheism. Sacrifice had assumed a more important position, and a belief in the almost irresistible powers of asceticism and austerities had taken firm hold:—

The priests [says Mr. Robson] adapted their religion to the ideas of the philosophers with a consistent logic such as could be witnessed in no country but India. It was natural enough that they should take advantage of the doctrine of transmigration by prescribing ceremonies and purification to attain beatitude in a future state of existence. It was natural enough, too, that they should not be behindhand in the practice of those austerities, which gave them an odour of sanctity with the people and of ridicule with the sceptics. But what shall we say of their declaring austerities to be the source of the power of the gods themselves, the origin of their very divinity? When religion had reached this point it had evidently run to seed and was smitten with decay.

Brahmanism went down before the teachings of Buddha, of whose life and labours Mr. Robson gives a brief sketch. Transmigration, which was a leading principle of Brahmanism, now became the very keystone of Buddhism. Man's future state was made to depend upon his works in this life. On this foundation was raised a system of morality more pure than any other the East has produced. But as works were said to depend upon man's own will, not upon Divine impulse, the existence of God was ignored, if not distinctly denied. Heavens and hells were a part of the system, but existence even in heaven was a burden, and the *summum bonum* was to be quit of all existence, to obtain final quiescence by *nirvāṇa*, or absorption into the inactive soul of the universe. Buddhism became supreme in India about the beginning of our era, but although Brahmanism was depressed, it was not crushed. It struggled long in vain, but it learnt from its adversary, and in time recovered its ascendancy. By the tenth century it was again paramount, and in the twelfth Buddhism may be said to have become extinct. Hindu philosophy had a great part in this restoration. Mr. Robson gives a brief outline of the six different schools, but our space will not allow us to enter into any account of their doctrines. The last of them, the *Vedānta*, was certainly evoked during the struggle with Buddhism. As to the rest, it is a moot point whether they preceded Buddhism or arose during its ascendancy. The older they are the less is the probability of their having received any inspiration from Greek sources. Colebrooke's opinion was that they were entirely independent. If it be so, the Hindus have, in their *Nyāya* or logical school, established the only logical system which is not directly traceable to the teachings of Aristotle.

Passing on to the revival of Brahmanism, we have chapters on Pantheism and on Vishnu worship and Siva worship. These "typify two opposite poles of religious thought which have always been found, and must always be found, among men—the one the Vaishnava, looking to God as the Author of all good; the other the Saiva, looking to man as by his own deeds attaining to the good he desires." This is, indeed, the main point of difference, but the two sects often trench upon each other's ground. The Vaishnava worships a Deity who condescends to man; the follower of Siva seeks, by penance and austerity, to raise himself to God. So the Vaishnavas maintain that the Deity has often manifested himself in various *avatāras* for the good of the world, and the god is worshipped under various forms, but more especially as Rāma and Krishna. The repetition of the name of Rāma, shortened to Rām, is a most efficacious religious devotion, and such a hold has this got upon the minds of Hindus that it has even been adopted by the followers of Siva. We cannot follow the author through his analysis of the leading doctrines of the two great sects, but he brings them out with great force and clearness, always keeping a sharp look-out for any point of analogy or of marked opposition to Christianity. In his summary of the effects of Hinduism he says:—

Hinduism has spread throughout India, not as a reformation, but as a conservation. It has taken advantage of all existing superstitions, however gross, immoral, and criminal, and, supplying all with a philosophical basis, has crystallized each into a hardness, and given to the whole a solidarity which makes it now doubly difficult to attack any one of them. It has recognized and vindicated the distinctions of class and tribe, freezing all together instead of fusing all together; making different classes of the same village live together with fewer common sympathies and interests than the French and Germans, making patriotism, as we understand it, an unknown thing, nationality an impossibility for the Hindu till Hinduism be swept from India.

A chapter follows on the relations of Hinduism and Mahomedanism. This seems to us the weakest in the book. The author's knowledge of Mahomedanism is evidently very imperfect. A curious little mistake in the second page is sufficient to show this. In speaking of "the old Arab superstition of worshipping the Kabah at Mecca," he explains that the Kabah "is simply a black stone—possibly an aerolite—in the Mosque at Mecca." But the Mosque itself is the Kabah, the black stone within it is called the *keblah*, and to this all Mahomedans turn their faces when they pray. Mr.

Robson has, we think, underrated the past effect and living force of Mahomedanism. The followers of the Prophet in India amount to fifty millions, but they have long lost the command of their great converting weapon, the sword, and so the faith now makes no appreciable progress. It has become degraded by saint-worship, and has been leavened by Hinduism, but it is far from being effete. The old intolerant zeal still actuates its followers. It is repressed, not dead, and would burst forth, like a suppressed fire, if circumstances should ever afford it a vent. The Hindus are certainly profiting more largely and more eagerly by the advantages of education, and this is charged against the Mahomedans as a proof of apathy. But such an imputation is unfair. Like Roman Catholics and others at home, Mussulmans object to a purely secular education, and because they cannot obtain for their children that teaching which they consider necessary, they often keep them from the Government schools and place them under the charge of private teachers.

The concluding chapters on Hinduism and Christianity, on their affinities and antagonisms, and on their present and future relations, are of course the most important part of the author's undertaking. He deals with them calmly and dispassionately, neither despising nor underrating the strength of Hinduism nor despairing of the ultimate triumph of Christianity. He sums up in a few words the broad distinctions:—

Christianity [he says] teaches the personality, Hinduism the impersonality, of God. Christianity makes holiness an essential in God, Hinduism makes it an accident. . . . Both religions teach that salvation is the chief end of man, and that to show the way of salvation is the chief end of religion; . . . but it is when we come to the way of salvation that the resemblances and contrasts of the two religions become most striking. In both we find the idea of vicarious atonement, of the incarnation, and of striving to be like God; . . . but in Hinduism these truths, severed one from the other, as from their true centre, have become corrupted and powerless, as limbs severed from the living body.

English education spreading a knowledge of the science of the West has already shaken the foundation of Hinduism in the minds of many, faith in their *Sāstras* has been destroyed, and, the void remaining unfilled, a speculative theism has sprung up and made some advance. The Brahma Somaj founded by Ram Mohun Roy made no great progress, but since it was joined by Keshub Chunder Sen it has received a new impulse, and its creed has been reduced to two very simple principles—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. But this system, as Mr. Robson justly observes, is further removed from Hinduism than Christianity is, and therefore less likely to be acceptable to the mass of the people. The author gives statistics to show the progress of Christianity, but upon these we will not enter. Its hopes for the future rest upon the spread of education, the Christian lives of its professors, and perhaps, above all, upon the efforts of its enlightened converts. Men like the Rev. K. M. Bannerjee, learned in all the wisdom of the Brahmans, and acquainted with all the weaknesses, prejudices, and aspirations of the people, can appeal to them with more force and persuasion than the most able and zealous of European missionaries. Under the teaching of such men Christianity may cease to be regarded as a foreign faith and the religion of a dominant race. But under their teaching it will adapt itself to the character of the people, or, as Mr. Robson, with breadth of view and true liberality of sentiment, expresses it—

There can be no doubt that Christianity will assume in India—must indeed assume if it is to be universally triumphant—an Indian form. If the religion of Christ is a world's religion, it must be capable of assuming the form best suited for each nation of the world. It is absurd to suppose that a race which has shown so strong an individuality, especially so strong a religious individuality, as the Hindus, can, in adopting Christianity, follow closely the European models. To suppose so would be tacitly to allow that Christianity was a European, not a cosmopolitan, religion. The countrymen of Buddha and Kapila, of Sankara and Rāmanuja, may be trusted in following Christ to follow Him directly, and not merely as interpreted by their European teachers. That they are already beginning to do so, that they are beginning to take an independent and distinct position, is one of the best proofs that can be given that Christianity may be the religion of India, and the Christian Church a rallying centre of Hindu patriotism.

FAMOUS BOOKS.*

MR. DAVENPORT ADAMS believes that an Englishman ought to study the masterpieces of his national literature; and we can so far heartily agree with him. He also thinks that he can encourage the study by giving short sketches of the history, character, and tendency of some of our most famous books. We hope that this opinion also is correct. If we are not quite confident, it is chiefly owing to an excess of modesty in Mr. Adams. He has been content to analyse rather than to criticize; to give us long quotations from books rather than to pronounce upon their merits, and generally to content himself with general expressions of admiration, which are indeed unobjectionably bestowed, but which are perhaps rather wanting in discrimination. It is of course impossible for us to say whether Mr. Adams would or would not have succeeded had he been more ambitious. As a general rule, it is a mistake to complain of anybody for not putting himself sufficiently forward. The critic is only too apt to place himself in a position resembling that of a connoisseur in a picture-gallery who should get between his hearers and the masterpieces which he is praising. There is, however, one danger about Mr. Adams's plan. His aim is to stimulate the industry of students, but he may

* Famous Books. By W. Davenport Adams. London: Virtue, Spalding, & Co. 1875.

possibly be providing excuses for idleness. In these days of competitive examinations, young gentlemen are on the look-out for any means of making secondhand knowledge go as far as original reading; and it is possible that some such persons may save themselves the trouble of reading such a book as Sidney's *Arcadia* by studying Mr. Adams's careful accounts of its characteristics and getting up some of his quotations. However, there is no fear—or, perhaps we should say, no hope—of the needs of such students being insufficiently supplied; and we trust that more serious readers may be encouraged by Mr. Adams. Certainly when we read his table of contents we are led to ask once more the old familiar question, What is the use of fame? How many people in England, for example, have really read Shakespeare or Milton? How many, not specially crammed for an examination, could trace to their source quotations from some of our most familiar writers? Let us run over Mr. Adams's list. Some of the books which he mentions—such, for example, as *Ferrex and Porrex* and *Ralph Roister Doister*—are interesting only to the antiquary. Nor would it be fair to expect modern readers to take a very lively interest even in Sidney's *Arcadia*. Mr. Adams is of course shocked at Hazlitt's vigorous attack upon that performance; the *Arcadia*, says Hazlitt, "is a riddle, a rebus, an acrostic in folio; it contains about 4,000 far-fetched similes and 6,000 impracticable dilemmas; about ten thousand reasons for doing nothing at all, and as many more against it; numberless alliterations, puns, questions, and commands, and other figures of rhetoric; about a score good passages that one may turn to with pleasure, and the most involved, irksome, unprogressive, and heteroclitic subject that ever was chosen to exercise the pen or patience of man." Mr. Adams of course replies that, granting all this, the book has still great beauties of thought and preaches a noble strain of morality. If indeed we were to infer from Hazlitt's remarks that Sidney was simply a bore and a fantastic pedant, we should be grossly wrong. On the contrary, we may admit that he deserved the admiration of his contemporaries, although he shared their faults. But it is an equally legitimate inference that no merit of morality or thought can make a book live in spite of long-winded affectation. All great books owe their permanent vitality to their style. A man may be a saint and a philosopher, but we could not listen to his sermons if his voice was bad and his manner ungraceful. And though for Sidney himself and for his friends his substantial virtues were of more importance than his style, the case is altered for posterity. It is in vain to ridicule the modern taste for sensation novels by way of set-off. They doubtless are bad enough, and will be forgotten a generation hence. But the eloquence of all the critics will never persuade modern readers to enjoy a book which not only suffers from grievous faults of style but from faults that belong to a very different generation. If Hazlitt's estimate of Sidney was unfair, his estimate of Sidney's book as adapted for modern reading is correct enough.

There are, however, other books on Mr. Adams's list to which the objection hardly applies. They have become unpopular chiefly from changes in the language or some slight peculiarities of style. In that case a little study will enable the more intelligent reader to overcome his first disgust, and by degrees he may learn to acquire a relish for the quaintness of our earlier writers. There is no reason, for example, why such books as Ascham's *Schoolmaster*, or Selden's *Table-talk*, should not amuse a modern reader who is prepared to qualify himself by a very small amount of trouble. And yet that small trouble acts so effectually as a preventive that we should doubt whether one well-educated person in ten has ever dipped into such books, or whether a much larger proportion has ever heard of them. Setting aside a few enthusiasts in seventeenth-century literature, how many people know anything of Overbury's *Characters*, or of Quarles's *Emblems*, or even of Browne's *Religio Medici*? Nay, if we come to a later period, we may doubt whether many of the people who have dipped into the *Spectator* sufficiently to say that they have read it have ever extended their researches to the *Tattler*. Chesterfield's *Letters* are more often mentioned than studied; and even the inimitable *Robinson Crusoe*—the most popular of the books on Mr. Adams's list—hardly occupies its old position in the schoolboy's library. Mr. Adams indeed apologizes for including it in his list, and only does so because he thinks that some of the information which he gives about the author's materials will be new to many hasty readers. He adds the *Essays of Elia*, on the ground that it is "scarcely a popular book." If Lamb cannot be called popular, we must draw the line at a very low point; for a person who has not read and enjoyed Lamb must have very small claims indeed to a knowledge of English literature. And yet we fear that there may be some ground even for this melancholy conclusion; and that, as Lamb failed to gain much popularity in his lifetime, his popularity may still be limited to a narrower circle than we are sometimes inclined to think. If that be so, we are certainly bound to wish well to Mr. Adams's enterprise; though the question naturally occurs, if a person does not care to read Lamb or Steele or De Foe themselves, will his appetite be much strengthened by a brief analysis of their books?

We may say, however, that Mr. Adams has done what he could to make his book as attractive as such an analysis can be. He has not only studied the history of the books themselves, but he is able to quote appropriate remarks from many recent critics. If he keeps himself a little too much in the background, he may thus point the way to other sources of information. He indicates his own taste

sufficiently, though he does not obtrude it upon us. For the most part we agree with him very well, and if we prefer Addison to Steele, we admit that he can produce very excellent authorities, though not the general opinion, on his own side of the question. There is indeed one variety of criticism of which we have already noticed an instance, which does not appear to us to be quite satisfactory. It arises in part from a confusion of two different points of view. If, says Mr. Adams, Pepys was a mean and subservient kind of person, we must remember the character of his age. If Chesterfield's morality savours rather of worldly wisdom than of the Sermon on the Mount, we must remember that Chesterfield was a courtier in the reign of George II. Now this is very true, and for some purposes much to the point. There are occasions when such a recollection is necessary to forming a fair judgment of a man. A perfectly pure-minded writer a century ago would use words which are now significant of utter indecency. A man who has mixed in a demoralized society may have a certain laxity of opinion on some matters, though his general tone of opinion may be elevated; and we must guard against the illusion produced by applying our own standard of morality and manners. But Mr. Adams and some other writers seem to make a different, and, as we fancy, a very illogical use of the argument. Chesterfield, they say for example, was a worldly and cynical man; but then we must excuse him because he lived a hundred years ago. In the first place we should be inclined to dispute the force of the apology. There were a great many noble moralists a hundred years ago. Chesterfield, as he had good cause to know, was the contemporary of Johnson as well as of Butler. Grub Street was not in those days a higher school of morality than Kensington Palace, and the bench of bishops was as worldly as the rest of the peerage. And yet Johnson and Butler preached a morality as elevated as that of the present day; and perhaps in some respects were manlier than most contemporary moralists. But, be this as it may, the argument based upon it is still more unsatisfactory. Chesterfield, says Mr. Adams, advised his son to intrigue with a married woman. That is immoral advice, but it is justified by a quotation from Mr. Hayward, who puts the parallel case (as he thinks it) of a virtuous man recommending his son to fight a duel. Letting this argument pass—though we cannot admit that the English aristocracy of that day did in fact think adultery a venial offence, or would have generally recommended it to their sons—still it proves, not that Chesterfield was moral, but that his immorality was caused by his surroundings. Mr. Adams has no right to turn round upon us and suppose that, because he has explained the origin of Chesterfield's vicious doctrine, he has proved that it is virtuous. The argument might be a good excuse for Chesterfield if we were asking whether or not he deserved punishment. It is no proof that his teaching is now elevating; it is the very contrary. As a matter of fact, it was condemned in his own time by all honest people; and we all remember how Johnson passed sentence on him, in terms almost too emphatic for modern ears. And, in spite of a few platitudes about virtue, we will venture to say that Chesterfield was really a cynic and a worldling, though a man of strong sense and considerable refinement of taste. His immorality was that of his time, but of the most worldly men of his time; and it is utter sophistry to make out that it was, for that very reason, good for our time.

SOME OF OUR GIRLS.*

WE wish we could take the very comfortable views of human nature which seem to animate Mrs. Eiloart. We say nothing of their silliness, their want of true psychological perception and lifelike presentation; we merely envy the consolation which any one who reflects on the troubles and difficulties besetting our imperfect human nature must find in the belief that it needs only such very small causes to bring forth such very great moral results, and that the densest minds want but the faintest touch to be reformed, enlightened, and inspired. If we found that the sight of a baby could create an influx of womanly tenderness in the heart of a female brute, and if the female brute herself was conscious of her own brutality, and in a pathetic kind of way recognized the moral purity and intellectual superiority of those above her, we should expect to reform the whole class to which she belonged without loss of time or much expenditure of trouble. But this is exactly where Mrs. Eiloart's theoretical philosophy breaks down. It is very consoling, very pretty, very easy to work on paper; only, unfortunately, it is utterly untrue.

Such a person as Madge Timbs, the workhouse girl, is out of drawing everywhere. She is too brutish for the sentiment which she displays on occasions; or, having so much sentiment, so much perception of better things, she would have had less brutishness. The faculty of recognizing moral purity in others and unworthiness in oneself is incompatible with the stolid animalism with which Mrs. Eiloart has credited her poor workhouse waif. Consciousness of one's own failure is at least some sign of intellectual activity and of a conscience by no means dead; and if Madge knew that she was so bad, she was necessarily better than her belief. Any one who goes among the degraded classes whence Madge sprang knows that the worst, the most repelling and unconquerable, thing about them is their moral and mental blindness, their ignorance that sin is sinful and vice vicious. The thief is not ashamed of his calling,

* *Some of Our Girls*. By Mrs. Eiloart, Author of "The Carate's Discipline," "Meg," &c. 3 vols. London: Samuel Tinsley. 1875.

though he may be afraid of detection, and the street-walker does not envy the virtue of the fine ladies who pass her by with shrinking tread, if she does envy their dresses and jewelry. When these outcasts come to the knowledge of their own vileness, they have come to the beginning of the end; but all forces want time for development; changes are not wrought by magic, and the perception of beauty, whether artistic or moral, is a matter of time and education. For Madge to have suddenly evolved even the rudiments of a soul because a resuscitated baby opened its eyes, is no more true to nature than another novelist's picture of the gutter child who burst into tears of artistic gladness when for the first time he saw a rose-tree in full bloom. The sudden smiting of the dead rock and welling out of living water is essentially miraculous. It may serve as a poetic type, but it is out of place in a book meant to be a picture of real life. As we have said, this theory of the sudden convertibility of vileness to morality is comfortable; but it is a theory that does not bear to be reasoned on, and which all experience proves to be fallacious.

The four girls with whom the story is concerned are Millicent Pembury, a rich young lady, beautiful, in bad health and low spirits, occupied in bemoaning her hard fate in having had a dishonourable lover, whom she would not forgive and could not forget; Polly, or Pauline, Brooke, a merry, bright, cheerful, brave, thoughtful, and pretty little nursery governess, the daughter of a chemist, and all that a woman should be, albeit tainted with the heresy of "woman's rights," yet in herself so charming a heretic that the most conservative maintainer of woman's natural place of submission must love her, and the most bitter opponent of her school must perforce exclude her from his list of the condemned; Susan Smith, a pert young London servant, not without good points well brought out, but described with a somewhat unnecessary amount of kitchen detail; and, finally, her companion Madge Timbs, the workhouse girl and female human brute of whom we have already spoken.

Given these four girls, it is easy to see what the line of each must needs be. The rich young lady, Millicent Pembury, beautiful and with pretty gowns, eating out her heart in the very indolence of grief, loving no one but her faithless, perjured Horace, and selfishly indifferent to everything but her luxury of woe, is to be roused up into generous human activities, and taught the joy that springs from virtue and philanthropy, when that of love has failed. Polly Brooke is to be still further tried in the fire of adversity in order to show the contrast between selfish sorrow and philanthropic heroism, and to be the good angel of Millicent. Susan Smith's fate at the first seems doubtful. She is either to be kept from graver evil, unsatisfactory as she is by reason of holes in her stockings and a love of chignons, artificial flowers, high-heeled boots, kid gloves that do not fit, crochet, and the like; or, if she is intended to point a moral and to show the destruction to which tow pads and smart bonnets infallibly lead young women, she is to be brought low as a practical sermon on the evils of finery. Happily Mrs. Eiloart is merciful, and Susan Smith is not destroyed; while Madge Timbs is to be humanized, and, as our author calls it, womanized, by means of that maternal instinct which we wish we could believe to be as strong, as general, and as purifying as Mrs. Eiloart says. How all this is accomplished belongs to the art of the book; but the art is small and the story uninteresting.

Of the minor female characters we may label Mrs. Danvers, Millicent Pembury's aunt, the embodiment of clever and energetic selfishness; Amanda Brooke, Polly's stepmother, the embodiment of spiteful self-indulgent silliness; Mrs. Gordon stands as the emblem of matronly virtue, united with self-righteous hardness and want of charity towards human weakness; Adela is the lovely woman who stoops to folly and pays the penalty with her happiness and life as lovely women do not often pay it; and Mrs. Williams is the sketchy outline of an incompetent married drudge. But, as no one has very much to do, the action lags, and the plot is always threatening to run itself dry. Indeed it is so very small a plot at all times that we wonder at each stage how the author will find material for the requisite number of pages that are to follow—how such a microscopic amount of gold-leaf is to be beaten out thin enough to cover such a comparatively large space. It is done, however, and we have our three orthodox volumes, with the proper number of pages, words, and letters, forming a kind of literary cruse of oil that is more wonderful than nourishing. One volume would have held the whole of the story with ease; and compression would have concealed something of its pervading weakness.

There are four young men to represent Mrs. Eiloart's gallery of modern gentlemen, of whom one is good, one bad, and two indifferent, neither bad nor good, only disagreeable. The good young man is Gordon Tynsdell, the illegitimate son of Mrs. Gordon's husband; the bad is Horace Gordon, her own son; while a certain Mr. Tomlyn, who is in love with Polly, and a Mr. Tilburne, who is in love with Millicent, are shadowy personalities for whom we are unable to find appropriate characteristics. The sole bit of plot, rightfully so-called, is when Amanda makes mischief between Pauline and Gordon Tynsdell because she is half in love with that estimable young doctor herself, and thinks she would like to marry him, though he is so poor. And this sole bit of plot is out of harmony with the characters. Vain, self-indulgent, fond of show and finery and ease of living before all things, Amanda was not the kind of woman to care to give up her place in Uncle Sampson's well-appointed house for the sake of any man in the world. Could she have loved a lover or husband better than she loved a comfortable position, she would

have had more depth of character than Mrs. Eiloart allows her. But then Mrs. Eiloart is not a reasoner, and her plots are never well considered. Things however right themselves before it is too late between Gordon Tynsdell and Pauline Brooke, and the story ends happily for all for whom halcyon days are possible.

Mrs. Eiloart's weakest places are decidedly in her grammar and psychology. Parts of the syntax in *Some of Our Girls* are singularly original. "They did not care very much for their knowing the latitude of Timbuctoo nor the history of the Byzantine Empire" is a sentence we would recommend to her reconsideration. "The little one that made Millicent Pembury and we feel as if we were sisters" is also a phrase which we should not like to see given as a sample of good English; but we endorse the sentiment, if we wince at the words, uttered by Mrs. Baines when she says, "There was never a man yet that 'ud get on with a wife that thought it too much trouble to order a dinner."

Of the presentation of Madge we have only to add that we do not accept her as the natural result of the workhouse system, as Mrs. Eiloart seems to represent her. She is of a wretchedly bad type, and nature was her first foe. Workhouse training may not be the perfection of its kind, but it is better than no training at all; and if it sometimes turns out such girls as Madge Timbs, we do not think it is merely because workhouse babies are not kissed and hugged, and the nurses do not talk baby nonsense to them as is usual with the children of affectionate and well-to-do parents. The children of the class that fills our Unions get but scant allowance of kisses and nursery nonsense from their own mothers; and the brutality characteristic of it extends even to the babies. Mrs. Eiloart, however, had a case which she wished to work, and she could not afford to discriminate accurately. On the whole we cannot praise *Some of Our Girls* very warmly. The best character in the book is Polly Brooke, who reminds us somewhat of that delightful Maggie in *The Wooing O't*, but is less natural. With this one exception, no one in the story has the true ring; and when the style is bad, the story poor, and the characters thin, not much room remains for admiration.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE latest publication of the indefatigably prolific octogenarian historian of the Popes* betrays no decay of the author's peculiar ability, while in a manner revealing the secret of his ability to perform so much. The department of historical composition cultivated by Ranke ignores all that the historian usually finds most troublesome. The difficulties of history have been enormously increased in our day by the demand that the writer shall portray the nation as well as its rulers, take account of social phenomena as well as of political occurrences, and explain particular transactions by the aid of general laws. These vast and varied departments have no existence for Ranke, who confines himself to that part of the historical domain which admits of illustration by means of archives and official correspondence. His works have accordingly rather the air of State papers than of histories, and admit of being prepared with great rapidity by an accomplished and practised political writer with full access to official sources of information. The present work is a characteristic example of his method. It is called into existence by the recent extensive publications of records from the Austrian archives, and may be defined as a quasi-judicial report as to how far these are calculated to modify the general estimate of the feelings and motives of the principal European Courts at the outbreak of the French Revolution. There is little respecting the popular aspect of this stupendous movement, or the causes which had long been silently preparing it; not of course that so enlightened a writer can be blind to their existence, but that he is conscious of no vocation for dealing with them. It is characteristic of the writer that he lays great stress on the individual action of Marie Antoinette, which he agrees with Jefferson in considering one of the main causes of the ungovernable character assumed by the Revolution. The work is distinguished by all the writer's habitual lucidity and dispassionateness, and will disappoint no reader who is careful to estimate it from the author's own point of view.

Friedrich von Hellwald's History of the Development of Civilization † from the earliest ages to the present day belongs to the same category as the works of Buckle and Radenhausen, without showing any remarkable advance upon either. Considered as a narrative, it exhibits lucidity, masculine force of style, and the useful faculty of condensation, while it offends by a prevailing spirit of paradox, and a disposition to cavil at accepted views, although, on the author's own showing, the theories which have emerged victorious from the struggle for existence should have the best title to his respect. As a thinker, he belongs to that section of the materialistic school which especially prides itself on the supposed discovery that all human progress may be reduced in the last resort to a superiority in physical strength, and which recognizes in all collective human action nothing but phases more or less disguised of the universal selfishness with which it is idle to quarrel,

* *Ursprung und Beginn der Revolutionskriege, 1791 und 1792.* Von Leopold von Ranke. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Culturgeschichte in ihrer natürlichen Entwicklung bis zur Gegenwart.* Von F. von Hellwald. Augsburg: Lampart & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

as it is the indispensable condition of the perpetuation of the race. One ideal is just as good as another, all being equally empty and unattainable, and only valuable as incentives to human energy. When it is added that this worship of brute force is combined with an ample infusion of Schopenhauer's and Von Hartmann's pessimism, it will be inferred that Herr von Hellwald is not a remarkably pleasant writer; it must be added that, though learned and diligent, he is fully as pretentious and dogmatic as the least well-informed of his school. Like most mere materialists, he has appropriated a limited number of sound ideas, chiefly from the writings of naturalists, which he confidently propounds as affording a short cut to the solution of all problems, in the spirit of the retailer of a universal nostrum.

Professor Beckers's oration on the hundredth anniversary of Schelling's birth* is the tribute of an enthusiastic admirer, who strives to vindicate the object of his homage against the charge of a mystical theosophism, and to demonstrate the consistency of his later speculations with those of his youth. The world has arrived at an opposite conclusion upon both points, which it is hardly likely to modify at this time of day. Professor Beckers finds, indeed, enough of incontestable praise to bestow on the splendour of Schelling's imagination, and the comprehensiveness of his conception of the universe, but this principally applies to those earlier writings which the orator's argument compels him to represent as immature.

The two excellent series of lectures and pamphlets published by Lüderitz† continue their progress, without any addition calling for special notice.

It is not quite clear whether the idea of providing German travellers in general, and German naval officers in particular, with a manual of directions for the prosecution of scientific research‡, originated with men of science or with the Imperial Admiralty itself. In any case the former have to acknowledge the encouragement and liberal support of the latter, and have modelled their labours on the pattern of the official publication of another Admiralty, the English *Manual of Scientific Inquiry*. While modestly acknowledging the inferiority of his work to its prototype in several respects, Professor Neumayer expresses his conviction that it will be found superior in sundry others. The English authorities might do well to take the hint, and revise their own publication by the aid of its youthful rival. The co-operation of so many men of eminence can hardly have failed to evolve some decided improvement. The collection contains twenty-eight condensed, yet comprehensive, miniature manuals of scientific research on as many various subjects, drawn up by an equal number of physicists, naturalists, and travellers, comprising, among others, Bastian, Fritsch, Günther, Kiepert, Peters, Schweinfurth, and Virchow. The range of subjects suggested for investigation is a wide one, including, besides all the usual branches of natural history and physics, philology, pre-historic archaeology, statistics, medicine, and agriculture.

The Barea § are a primitive agricultural people in the northern highlands of Abyssinia. Professor Reinisch's grammar and vocabulary of their language constitute the first of an intended series of similar philological treatises on the languages of North-Eastern Africa, probably intended as ancillary to the author's adventurous speculations as to the affinity of African languages in the mass to the tongues of Europe and Asia. The work is principally compiled from materials collected by Herr Munzinger, Governor of Masuah, and general representative of Egyptian interests in these regions, and well remembered in connexion with his services to the British expedition to Abyssinia. A preface contains some interesting particulars respecting the manners and customs of the Barea, and their neighbours, the Kunana. The religion and government of both tribes may be termed truly patriarchal, being wholly founded on their respect for the aged—an interesting proof that superiority of physical strength is not necessarily paramount even in an uncivilized community.

The attention recently directed to Yarkand has induced H. von Schlagintweit || to publish notes of his journey performed in that district some eighteen years since. They cannot under the circumstances be as devoid of value as they certainly are of entertainment.

Dr. Locher-Wild ¶ has an excellent case, to which he does some injustice by his method of presenting it. He wishes to establish the doctrine of heredity, and his extensive reading enables him to adduce numerous pertinent, and to a great extent conclusive, facts in its support. His style and manner, however, are deficient in the sobriety requisite for the treatment of a scientific subject, and it must be feared that one effect of his treatise will be to beget doubts of his own earnestness, and at all events to indispose scientific men to give him a serious hearing. This is the more to

be regretted as he is probably correct in the main, and his observations have an important bearing upon several philosophical controversies of the highest interest.

The last work of the illustrious and lamented Ewald* manifests undiminished strength of intellect, with perhaps even greater energy and precision of language than of old. It is impossible for us to discuss here so pregnant and condensed a work, further than by the remark that Ewald is thoroughly in his place as a commentator on the Old Testament division of his subject, for the intellect of no Hebrew priest or prophet could wear a more thoroughly Semitic cast.

Dr. Luthardt's defence of the Johannine authorship of the Fourth Gospel is distinguished by ability and fairness. After weighing all the attainable evidence very carefully, and by no means at an immoderate length, he decides that the historical evidence is decidedly in favour of the authenticity of the Gospel. The internal evidence he seems to consider to be on the other side, but he maintains the inferior cogency of this class of testimony. The peculiarity of the Apocalypse he feels to be a great difficulty, but contends that it may conceivably be a work of the Evangelist notwithstanding. The value of the work is greatly enhanced by an accompanying bibliography of the literature of the controversy.

Dr. Schneider's investigation into the principles on which *prænomina* were borne by the Romans† is principally based on Mommsen's, and is chiefly valuable for rendering the conclusions of that scholar, hitherto only published in periodicals, more generally accessible.

The *Heft Kolumbus* is a Persian grammatical work of rather modern date, the seventh part of which is said to contain "a clue to the labyrinthine gardens of Persian poetry and rhetoric." Such a work could not but be highly acceptable to Rüchert in his double capacity of poet and Orientalist. He translated a considerable portion of it; and Herr W. Pertsch has now performed an acceptable service by extracting his version from the periodical where it has been buried for half a century, and republishing it in a separate volume.

Paul Krueger's edition of the fragments of the Verona manuscript of Justinian's Institutes || is a facsimile, with a critical introduction.

German literature already possesses so good a biography of Cornelius ¶ in Riegel's work, that a second memoir, even from the practised pen of the biographer of Raffaele, might have seemed superfluous. Herr Förster explains, however, that his work is rather to be regarded as belonging to the class of memoirs than of finished biographies, the text being principally designed as a vehicle for a rich store of correspondence by Cornelius, or relating to him, in the possession of his representatives. The interest attaching to these documents undoubtedly justifies their publication. They contribute materially to our knowledge, not merely of the incidents of Cornelius's own career, but of the history of German art, and especially of that department of it of which Cornelius was the especial representative. The influence of the Romantic school of German literature in bringing about a reaction towards Catholicism in art is very clearly to be traced in Cornelius's first letters from Rome, where the movement originated about the time of his arrival in that city (1812). The purely æsthetic character of the reaction is equally apparent, as well as its combination with an ardent and exclusive feeling of nationality utterly at variance with the Pan-romanism which the Vatican in these days desires to inculcate. The present volume brings Cornelius's history down to his residence at Munich, and leaves him engaged in the execution of his great frescoes, and in his unfortunate disputes with the architect Von Klenze, a man described as in all respects a contrast to his own frank, unsuspicious, and unassuming character, and consequently much better adapted to the atmosphere of a Court.

A little volume of reminiscences of Grillparzer, by August von Littrow-Bischoff **, though not wholly exempt from the taint of book-making, is nevertheless acceptable as a record of the veteran dramatist's kindly disposition and simple habits, as well as of his intellectual distinction and freedom from the petty vanities and jealousies of literary men. Living apart from the principal literary centres of Germany, his conversation is not especially rich in anecdote or criticism; some interesting particulars of his contemporaries will nevertheless be found, as, for example, of his dramatic successor, if he can be said to have had one, Friedrich Hebbel.

The announcement of Schiller's correspondence with his sister and brother-in-law†† excites expectations which the publication

* Schelling's Geistesentwicklung in ihrem inneren Zusammenhang. Festschrift. Von H. Beckers. München: Franz. London: Nutt.

† Sammlung gemeinverständlicher wissenschaftlicher Vorträge. Deutsche Zeit- und Streit-Fragen. Berlin: Lüderitz. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ Anleitung zu wissenschaftlichen Beobachtungen auf Reisen, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf die Bedürfnisse der Kaiserlichen Marine. Von Dr. G. Neumayer. Berlin: Oppenheim. London: Trübner & Co.

§ Die Barea. Sprache-Grammatik, Text und Wörterbuch. Von Leo Reinisch. Wien: Braumüller. London: Asher & Co.

|| Die Fluss-über die Kammlinien des Karakorum und des Künlin. Von H. von Schlagintweit-Sakunlinski. München: Straub. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ Ueber Familienanlage und Erblichkeit. Eine wissenschaftliche Bazzie. Von Dr. H. Locher-Wild. Zürich: Orell & Co. London: Asher & Co.

* Die Lehre der Bibel von Gott, oder Theologie des alten und neuen Bundes. Von H. Ewald. Bd. 3. Heft 2. Leipzig: Vogel. London: Asher & Co.

† Der johanische Ursprung des vierten Evangeliums untersucht. Von Dr. C. E. Luthardt. Leipzig: Dürfling und Franke. London: Asher & Co.

‡ Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Römischen Personennamen. Von Dr. A. Schneider. Zürich: Orell & Co. London: Asher & Co.

§ Grammatik, Poetik und Rhetorik der Perse. Nach dem sechsten Bande des Heft Kolumbus dargestellt. Von F. Rückert. Neu herausgegeben von W. Pertsch. Gotha: Perthes. London: Asher & Co.

|| Codex Justiniani fragmenta Veronensis. Edidit P. Krueger. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Asher & Co.

¶ Peter von Cornelius. Ein Gedenkbuch aus seinem Leben und Wirken. Von E. Förster. Th. I. Berlin: Reimer. London: Asher & Co.

** Aus dem persischen Verkehr mit F. Grillparzer. Von A. von Littrow-Bischoff. Wien: Rosner. London: Asher & Co.

†† Schiller's Briefwechsel mit seiner Schwester Christophine und seinem Schwager Reinwald. Herausgegeben von Wendelin von Maltzahn. Leipzig: Veit & Co. London: Williams & Norgate.

itself fails to redeem. The letters are almost wholly of mere family interest, and only significant—valuable would be too strong a term—for an occasional glimpse of the bent of Schiller's studies. Thus in one of the earliest letters, written at the age of twenty-three, we find him requesting his future kinsmen to send all Lessing's critical writings, two plays of Shakspeare, and the philosophical works of Mendelssohn—pretty clear indications of the intellectual course he was destined to pursue. He also asks for books on the history of Mary Stuart and Don Carlos, the themes of two of his subsequent tragedies, and of Charles I., which he very probably meditated undertaking. The remainder of the correspondence would not argue any very strong intellectual sympathy between him and his relatives, though there seems to have been real mutual regard. Reinwald, the brother-in-law, was twenty-two years Schiller's senior, a man of worth and learning, and of some creditable achievement as a philologist, but morose and hypochondriacal. Christophine Schiller had married him rather from compassion than affection, but the union proved happier than could have been reasonably anticipated under the circumstances. She must have possessed a much stronger constitution and more equable temperament than her famous brother, whom she survived for forty-two years, dying universally respected at the age of ninety. The volume is eked out by two of Reinwald's historical essays, a brief notice of Schiller from his pen, some family recollections written down by Christophine at an advanced age, her funeral sermon, and her portrait as a young girl, which is worth all the rest.

Goethe's correspondence with Johanna Fahlmer* is more interesting, although adding very little to our knowledge of his biography. Johanna was a connexion of the Jacobis, about five years Goethe's senior, and her influence on him was principally exerted in maintaining and confirming his connexion with the philosopher. She appears to have been endowed with superior qualities of mind and heart, and Goethe, who, in allusion to her relationship to the Jacobis, playfully calls her "aunt," evidently felt a warm regard for her, although he became comparatively estranged after the dissolution of his intimacy with Jacobi. The correspondence extends from 1772 to 1777, or from about three years before Goethe's settlement at Weimar to two years later. The letters, or rather notes, are wholly unimportant in themselves, but are interesting as examples of Goethe's ardour and volatility as a young man, so different from the gravity and stiffness of his maturer years. A few letters from Johanna's daughter are appended, one of which is remarkable for its favourable testimony concerning Goethe's wife, who is said to improve greatly upon acquaintance, and to have displayed much liberality on occasion of the distribution of the property left by his mother.

E. Schmidt's essay on Richardson, Rousseau, and Goethe † was originally designed as a celebration of the centenary of *The Sorrows of Werther*. The writer discovered, however, that it was impossible to give any satisfactory account of Werther without a thorough investigation of its relation to the *Novvelle Héloïse*, and the pursuit of this inquiry conducted him to Richardson as the fountain-head of all modern sentimental fiction. One conspicuous merit of Herr Schmidt's essay is that his treatment of his subject is to a great extent historical; he is less concerned with merely literary criticism than with the genesis of the books themselves, and the historical traces of their influence on contemporary literature, easily verified by quotations. The parallel between the three writers in respect of style, of feeling for nature, and other characteristics common to them all, is also clear and exact, and, on the whole, we obtain a refreshing feeling of having our attention directed to something real and substantial. An appendix, along with other curious matter, contains an analysis of a typical specimen of one of the numberless absurd imitations of "Werther," Miller's *Siegwart*.

The second and concluding volume of Baron von Friesen's studies on Shakspeare ‡ treats of the earlier dramas, *Hamlet* excepted, down to 1601. The key-note of the author's criticism is boundless admiration for Shakspeare; he insists upon the entirely unique character of his genius, and totally rejects the view which regards him as merely the most conspicuous member of a school. He evidently would feel little sympathy with the estimate of Marlowe as a potential Shakspeare, recently set forth with so much eloquence. We should be glad to see his remarks extended to the productions of Shakspeare's maturer years.

Herr Köstlin's abridged History of Music § is too exclusively national; foreign composers do not receive their proportionate share of notice, and even the German are scarcely treated at sufficient length to render their peculiar characteristics properly intelligible. The author seems more of a man of letters than of a musician, and the best parts of his work are those relating to the departments of his subject which can hardly be studied without the aid of books, such as the history of the early Netherlandish school, once the rival of the Italian in sacred music.

The most recent of several attempts to realize Goethe's conception

* *Briefe von Goethe an Johanna Fahlmer*. Herausgegeben von L. Ullrich. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Richardson, Rousseau und Goethe. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des Romans im 18ten Jahrhundert*. Von E. Schmidt. Jena: Frommann. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *W. Shakspeare's Dramen, vom Beginn seiner Laufbahn bis 1601*. Von H. Freiherrn von Friesen. Shakspeare-Studien. Bd. 2. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Geschichte der Musik im Urriess*. Von H. A. Köstlin. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

of an Iphigenia at Delphi is by C. Ernst*, and may be pronounced at least as successful as any of his predecessors. The language is dignified, and the poet is fairly penetrated with the sentiment of the situation, which, however, unless Goethe's conception be reinforced by combination with some additional element of dramatic interest, is scarcely adequate to the production of a powerful effect.

* *Iphigenie in Delphi*. Von C. Ernst. London: Asher & Co.

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